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KOCH'S DISCOVERY.

It is Not to Be Given to the World.

HIS LYMPH OFFERED FOR SALE.

A Lengthy Article on the Cure of Consumption by Professor Koch Published in a German Medical Paper—Invalids Flocking to Berlin.

BERLIN, Nov. 15.—The article by Professor Koch, in this week's number of The Deutsche Medinizsche-Wochenschrift (German Medical Weekly), is entitled: "Further Communications on the Cure of Tuberculosis and Experiments Which Dr. Libbertz and Staff Surgeon Pruehl Performed, Relating Thereto, Under Professor Koch's Direction."

In this article Professor Koch says that he is, as yet, unprepared to indicate the source from which the curative matter is derived. Neither is he ready to explain the method of preparation. The reason he gives is that the experimental work has not yet been brought to completion. He states, however, that the curative lymph itself can now be obtained from Dr. Libbertz, whose address is No. 28 Lueneburger strasse, Berlin. The lymph is described as consisting of a brownish transparent liquid. It is so prepared as to be proof against deterioration. When, however, it is diluted with water necessary for use, the matter is likely to decay. It is necessary, therefore, that the attenuations should be perfectly sterilized by heat and preserved in wadding covering, or prepared with a solution of phenol 50 percentage strong.

When taken into the stomach, the curative matter proves to have no effect. It must be applied sub-cutaneously by means of a valveless syringe. The kind of syringe recommended by Professer Koch, is one furnished with a small, hollow rubber ball. This syringe approved itself to him during his bacteriological experiments. Its merit is that it can be easily and surely rinsed with absolute alcohol and kept in a perfectly aseptic condition. In thousands of cases, he says, where it has been used for sub-cutaneous injections, not a single abcess resulted.

The lymph is usually injected near the loins. Human beings are more susceptible to its influence than guinea pigs. Two cubic centimetres of the substance affected a guinea pig but slightly, while twenty-five one-thousandths of a cubic centimetre produced a marked effect upon a healthy man. The lowest limit of effective strength is one one one-hundredth of a cubic centimetre. This quantity in a healthy body produces but slight reaction or none at all. This is also true of its application to persons suffering from other than tuberculous affections. But with tuberculous subjects it produces a general and a local action; the general reaction consisting of a febrile attack, the temperature rising to 39 or 41 centigrade, with coughing, irritation, exhaustion, sometimes nausea and vomiting, and there is sometimes an eruption resembling that of measles on the chest and neck.

The attack begins four or five hours after the injection, and lasts twelve or fifteen hours. Afterward the patient feels better than before the injection. The local reaction is best observed in cases of lupus. Within a few hours after the injection the lupus sores swell and redden. The effect increases during the period of fever until the lupus tissue assumes a dark brown tint and a necrotic condition. After the fever departs, the swelling decreases, and possibly vanishes. In two or three days the lupus centres become covered with scabs, which fall off in two or three weeks. The local reaction in the lungs it is impossible to observe apart from increased expectoration and cough. The symptoms described always follow in tuburculous patients when a hundredth part of a cubit centimetre is injected. This treatment, therefore, will afford an indispensable auxiliary to diagnosis. Professor Koch believes that the remedy will cure incipient consumption.

Whether the cure will be final is as yet not fully proved. The remedy does not kill bacilli, but tubercular tissue. It does not affect dead tissue, but only living. Therefore, the tuberculous tissue killed by the remedy must be removed. Every effort must be made to accomplish this by surgery. When this is impossible, and secretion can only proceed by the self-help of the organism, the threatened living tissue must at the same time be protected by continual applications of the remedy to guard against re-entrance of the parasites. The fact that the remedy kills only tuberculous tissue explains the possibility of applying rapidly increased doses.

At the outset, when there is much living tuberculous tissue, a small portion of the remedy suffices to produce a strong reaction. Each injection kills a certain quantity of tissue. It naturally results that increased doses are necessary to obtain the same degree of reaction. When patients treated with increased doses experience no greater reaction than unaffected persons, it can be assumed that all the tissue open to reaction is dead. In cases of lupus a hundredth of a centimetre should be injected, and after the reaction has taken its full course, a second injection should be made, and so on.

Consumptives are more susceptible, and the first dose should be only a thousandth of a cubic centimetre, the doses being increased by one thousandths until they gradually reach a hundredth and upwards; though consumptives still comparatively strong may reach the increased doses more quickly and with correspondingly more favorable results. Patients treated in the early stage of consumption are entirely freed from morvid symptoms sometimes within four or six weeks. Consumptives with large cavities in their lungs will probably experience the benefit of the new remedy only in exception instances, though most are temporarily improved.

Professor Koch holds that the treatment should be applied only in suitable institutions. He emphasizes the importance of early treatment, as it is only in the incipient stages that the remedy is fully efficient.

There is a remarkable exodus of consumptives from the resorts on the shores of the Mediterranean to Berlin, and the hotels are filling fast with such persons. A large number of American physicians have also given notice of their intention to be present on the occasion of Dr. Koch's lecture on Nov. 26.

RAILROAD DISASTER.

A Collision on the Pennsylvania Road Near Florence, Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 15.—A collision occurred on the Pennsylvania railroad near Florence, Pa., shortly before 7 o'clock yesterday morning, between the first and second sections of the western express, killing two passengers and injuring eleven others.

The names of the killed are.

Henry D. Minott, of 39 Court street, Boston.

Mrs. S. H. Angell, of No. 809 Twenty-first street, Washington, D. C.

Injured are: R. S. Delaney and wife, of Haymarket, Va., very severely; J. F. Matthias, of Baltimore, seriously; J. Hellman, of Washington, internally; William Rochester, of Hoffman house, New York, internally.

C. C. Hicks, of Providence, R. I., serious.

Mrs. M. V. Kellogg, of Richmond, slightly.

J. B. Hill, of Sunbury, Pa., internally injured. Serious.

William Miller, of Allegheny City, Pa., very serious.

Henry McCormick, engineer, Nineveh, very serious.

Dr. Wiehle, slightly hurt.

Mrs. Wiehle, very serious.

The accident was caused by the heavy fog, which prevented the engineer from seeing the first section in time to stop his train. The first section of the western express is made up of Pullman sleepers and day coaches. It left New York in the evening, and was due in Pittsburg at 7:45 o'clock in the morning. It is known as train No. 9.

At Harrisburg the Washington sleeper was attached. The second section is known as train No. 7, and is composed of baggage, express and mail cars. It runs immediately behind No. 9. The first section was due at New Florence at 5:46 a. m., but it was 6:37 when the train reached that station. The fog was so dense that the engineer did not notice the red signal in the tower till after he had passed. He then slowed up and went back for his orders. He then pulled ahead slowly.

In the meantime the flagmen of No. 9 had gone back to signal No. 7. He has not been heard from since, and it is supposed he was not able to get back far enough to stop the second section, as the engine of No. 7 came crashing into the Washington sleeper Biscay, telescoping it to the distance of from ten to twelve feet. The sleeper caught fire and was nearly destroyed. The Achetes, the next sleeper, was thrown from the track, but not badly damaged.

The scene following the collision was exciting in the extreme. The passengers became panic-stricken and in their efforts to get cut broke the windows and crawled through. As quickly as possible the passengers in the unfortunate Biscay were removed. It was found that two had been killed outright and eleven others more or less seriously injured. At least four of the injured, it is thought, will die. They were conveyed to houses in the vicinity, and everything possible done to relieve their suffering. The injured passengers arrived in this city shortly before noon.

The horror and fright of the passengers in the "Biscay" as the engine plunged into them, was added to by the fog, which was close in on them and made it next to impossible to see what had happened. The car caught fire speedily but the passengers were removed before their condition was made horrible by burns.

The hiss of the escaping steam in the wreckage of the car, the crackling of the flames, the mingling of the rank smoke with the fog," said the porter of the Biscay, "made the most awful combination you could imagine. There were the injured passengers screaming and groaning, and those who were not hurt were running around half dressed almost wild with fright. I don't want to talk any more about it just now."

Singularly enough, there was but one injured person on train No. 7, Fireman Pitcairn, who has a serious cut on his head, and his face and lips were split open.

Engineer Henry McCormick was shaken up considerably, but not hurt otherwise.

Dr. Hamilton, of this city, and his assistant, Dr. Herron, were hurried out to New Florence on a special train with Assistant Superintendent Trump. In the meantime several physicaans from Johnstown had been sent on a wreck train to assist the doctors from New Florence and adjacent stations who had already taken charge of the injured.

Jury Disagrees.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 15.—The jury this morning in the case of Asa Waterman, theatrical manager, charged with the murder of Peter Doran whom he shot in the street while walking with the latter's wife, filed into the court of general sessions and announced their inability to agree upon a verdict. Judge Moore discharged the jury.

CHEYENNE, Wy., [illegible] — The engine of a fr[illegible] Union Pacific railroad [illegible] Green river yesterday [illegible] passenger travel about nine [illegible] reports of any other wreck on the Union Pacific are unfounded.

REVIEW OF TRADE.

R. G. Dun & Company's Weekly Report.

THE CONDITION OF BUSINESS.

The Panic on Wall Street Has Had But Little Effect on the Legitimate Business Transactions of the Leading Trade Centers, Especially at Western Points—Failures of the Past Seven Days.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—R. G. Dun & Company's Weekly Review of Trade says: Reports from other cities show that at most points the events in Wall street have had little or no effect as yet. At Boston transactions have been somewhat limited and money is firm at high rates; wool sales are smaller, 2,500,000 pounds for the week; leather is quiet and easier, and hides dull and lower; boot and shoe manufacturers are getting the recent advance in prices, with shipments exceeding last year's, and lumber is quiet.

At Philadelphia money is tight, and little commercial paper offered or selling; wool manufacturers are buying more liberally, with slight advance in some grades. At Chicago money is active at 7 per cent., but country banks are sending in funds for investment, and eastern disturbances are little felt; grain receipts and cured meats equal last year's, while trade in dry goods, clothing and shoes is much larger.

No other western point shows disturbance in trade, though money is generally close. At St. Louis the rate is 7 to 8 per cent., and the volume of trade large, at Cincinnati money is tight, the clothing season exceeds expectations, and the grocery trade is very good, at Detroit money is close at 7, manufacturing active; Michigan wheats are showing 4 per cent. increase; at Cleveland money is tight, trade good except for clothing; at Milwaukee money is close at 7, and eastern troubles do not check trade; at Omaha, St. Paul, Denver and Kansas City money is in strong demand.

Southern cities make much the same report; Baltimore reports all business healthy, mills running full and trade brisk; New Orleans finds money active, cotton receipts below last year, but sugar and rice liberal, with good demand for all; Atlanta reports easy money and good trade, and Savannah reports money tight, but trade active. At Jacksonville earlier northern travel than usual causes activity. These accounts show a remarkably encouraging condition of business, but more than the usual scarcity of money in spite of good collections.

The iron output Nov. 1 was 177,958 tons weekly against 179,263 Oct. 1, and considerable decrease in production is expected if prices yield. Rails are nominally $29, but the state of the stock market is not encouraging. The coal trade is dull, holders trying to realize October prices, and the high price of coke causes complaint. Tin is three-eighths lower at twenty-one cents, copper steady, and lead weak at 5.20 because of considerable importations. India rubber is lower at seventy-five cents for parafine. The boot and shoe trade is somewhat checked by the prospect of reaction in leather, but prices range seven and a half to ten cents per pair higher than last year. In dry goods there is observed some hesitancy by buyers, but mills are well sold up, woolens realize slightly better prices in some cases and dress goods are firm.

Bread stuffs are lower, exports in October showing a heavy decrease. Wheat falls five cents for the week, corn two and one-half cents, and oats nearly two cents. Pork products are steady, coffee and cotton unchanged, though in the latter sales for the week are 793,000 bales, and oil is five and one-fourth cents lower. In general, speculation in products is less active than usual. The stock market, after the severe decline on Monday and Tuesday, rallied a little, but was weaker again on Thursday and Friday forenoon, and much affected by rumors of further failures feared. The treasury has put out $880,000 more silver notes, but taken in $1,140,000 more of other money, its offer to buy bonds being ineffective.

While exports of products were enormous in October, they have fallen 12 per cent below last year's for November thus far at New York, but a larger excess over imports fails to affect the money market, since the movement of securities this way is large. In October exports of the principal products were $72,758,036, against $71,728,913 last year, when the aggregate of exports was the largest ever known. But the state of money markets abroad and of the trading in securities prevents movement of specie in this direction, and for some time to come pressure in the money market here is probable.

Business failures during the past seven days number, for the United States 224, Canada 42, a total of 266, as compared with a total of 215 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 265, representing 235 in the United States and 30 in Canada.

Change of Railroad Superintendents.

HUNTINGTON, Ind., Nov. 14.—C. L. Maine has resigned as superintendent of the Chicago and Erie railroad, and C. A. Allen, superintendent of the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, has been appointed to that position. Mr. Maine has been on the Chicago and Erie as train dispatcher, train master and superintendent ever since the road opened, ten years ago.

Got Only Two Years.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Nov. 15.—Judge David McLean, ex-president of the Savannah Savings bank, at Savannah, Mo., was sentenced yesterday to two years in the penitentiary for defrauding his depositors out of $100,000, which he lost in speculation.

BIRCHALL HANGED.

The Noted Murderer Pays the Death Penalty on the Scaffold.

WOODSTOCK, Ont., Nov. 15.—At 8:26 yesterday morning the noted murderer, J. Reginald Birchall, was hanged in the jail yard at this place The execution was witnessed by 250 people His neck was not dislocated, and he died in sixteen minutes after the drop fell. He made no confession, but claimed to be innocent of the crime for which he was accused.

J. REGINALD BURCHELL. MRS. BURCHELL. FREDERICK C. BENWELL.

Birchell's crime was the killing of F. C. Benwall, Feb. 17 last, in a swamp in Oxford county, Canada. Birchall came to Canada early in the summor of 1882 to become a farmer, but finding the work harder than he had been led to expect, he staid in Woodstock. Birchall talked a great deal about aristocrats in England, with whom he claimed to be acquainted or connected. He signed himself Birchall or Burchell, but spoke of himself as the possessor of or heir-apparent to the title of Lord Somerset. Many people in Oxford county know him only as Somerset.

There did not seem to be anything vicious about him, he was simply bent on having a good time. His wife seemed to second him in what he did, and was known everywhere as Lady Somerset. These two disappeared in the fall as quickly as they had come, leaving certain unpaid bills When a man was arrested in February last for the murder of the stranger whose body was found in the swamp near Princeton, the people were made aware for the first time that Lord Somerset, or Birchell, had returned.

Against Birchell there were scraps of evidence which, while not making a complete case, were all consistent one with the other, and together were certainly strong. The principal witness was a young Englishman named Douglas R. Pelly, who had come out on the Britannic with Mr. and Mrs. Birchell and Benwell. Pelly and Benwell had made arrangements in England to take an interest in a horse ranch or farm which Birchall claimed he owned in Canada.

SCENE OF THE CRIME.

According to Pelly, Birchall had represented this farm to be a mile and a half from Niagara Falls, the stables lighted with electricity, and the place generally in firstclass shape. Benwell's father, a retired British colonel, was to pay £500 for an interest in this farm as soon as his son should write from Canada that he was satisfied with his bargain. Young Pelly also had paid Birchall a large sum on condition that he was to have employment on the farm with a small share in the profits. Monday, Feb. 17, Benwell and Birchall had taken the Grand Trunk southern division train to go the alleged stock farm.

That night Birchall returned alone, explaining that Benwell had gone on further, probably intending to call at London, Ont. The two men, however, were seen to get of at Eastwood station and go across the fields in a direction which would take them to the swamp. Birchall was subsequently seen to return alone. Two days latter Benwell's body was found in the swamp. Birchall was tried, promptly convicted, and, on Sept. 29, sentenced to death.

Birchall's body was buried in the jail yard soon after the verdict was reached. Thus ends the story of Birchall's crime and expiation. There are $500 held back out of the $1,500 agreed to be paid by The Toronto Mail for the history of his life. He was to furnish matter or information to no other newspaper. The autograph letter in The Sentinel Review. The Mail people claim, is a violation of the contract, and they refuse to pay the balance. Birchall's friends say the letter was delivered to George Perry and not The Sentinel Review, and therefore is not a violation.

It is learned that Mrs. Birchall will remain in Woodstock for some little time yet before starting for England. She has been kept under the influence of opiates ever since yesterday morning. She has slept nearly continuously, and seems to fail to realize her widowhood.

Fire in Dallas, Texas.

DALLAS, Tex., Nov 15 – The Scollard building was burned yesterday. Loss, $18,000; insurance $16,000 Tabor Brothers jewelers, lost $15,000; fully insured.

OHIO STATE NEWS.

Items Gathered Especially For Buckeye Readers.

AN EXPLOSION OF DYNAMITE.

Three Men Instantly Killed and Four Others Severely Injured at a Limestone Quarry—Names of the Victims—Various Other Happenings in the Buckeye State.

LIMA, O., Nov. 15.—Three human lives went out of existence in a moment here yesterday morning and four were severely injured by an explosion of twenty-five pounds of dynamite and the same amount of giant powder. The terrible fatality occurred at Custer's stone quarry, in the southwest part of town, about 8 o'clock in the morning.

The explosive was stored in a small shed on the ledge above the quarry, and two men were within thawing out dynamite cartridges. A third was approaching the shed when the explosion occurred, and the three were blown a hundred feet in the air, falling headless and limbless 150 feet from the scene. The air and trees were filled with flying debris, and only a big hole marks where the shanty stood.

Several of the men and some horses working in the pit were struck by the falling debris and badly injured.

The killed are:

George Fisher, married, leaves a widow and four children, living six miles east of town.

Henry Weiskopf, married, leaves a widow and two children, living at the same place.

Charles Burkett, single. His home is in Hondura, Ind.

The injured are:

George Fisher, nephew of the Fisher killed, struck on the head.

Sam. Watts, face badly cut.

William Hock, shoulder dislocated,

Abraham Cipliver, hurt about head and right arm.

The remains of the dead were gathered in an ambulance and taken to an undertaking establishment. The concussion was plainly felt all over the city and caused great excitement. The terrible scene was viewed by thousands of people. Weiskopf's head was found in a field later, being rolled about by some hogs.

All About a Cow.

MCCONNELSVILLE, O., Nov. 15.—Mr. Heil Miller, butcher, was arrested by Alexander Simpson, charging him with possessing knowledge concerning the theft of Simpson's cow. About three weeks ago the cow was missed, Mr. Huffman the malta tanner, secured a description of the cow, and upon looking over the hides he had in stock discovered one that tallied with the description. Mr. Simpson and his wife identified the hide as the one from their stolen bovine. Mr. Huffman purchased the hide from Mr. Miller, the butcher, who says he (Miller) purchased the cow from some farmer. Mr. Huffman, the tanner, yesterday received a card stating that he would be given $20 to destroy the hide in question.

Wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio.

BELLAIRE, O., Nov. 15.—At 4 o'clock yesterday morning a wreck occurred on the Baltimore and Ohio road at Scott's cut, three miles west of Bellaire, between the second section of train No. 1 going west and a helper, No. 15, coming east. John Watson, engineer, and James Fleisher, fireman, were killed instantly. They live at Newark, O. Thomas Burk was injured about the head and cannot recover. James Barrett, fireman, was terribly scalded and died one hour later. Burk and Barrett were brought to their homes in this place. The engines and cars are a complete wreck. Disregarding orders caused the fatal disaster.

Sheriff Arrested for Kidnaping.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 15.—Sheriff Hilton, of Morgan county, Ind., was arrested at Greenville, Darke county, yesterday, charged with kidnaping James McNeal, a convict, released from the Ohio penitentiary Thursday and wanted in Morgan county for a crime. Hilton had a requisition for his prisoner but Governor Campbell directed it to the sheriff of this county. Hilton finding that he had no right to arrest McNeal, contrived, it is said, with the knowledge of Mayor Bruck to kidnap McNeal, and driving to a suburban station took a train for Indiana. Mr Neals lawyer says he will prosecute Sheriff Hilton for kidnaping, and Mayor Bruck for an accomplice.

Lost His Situation.

FINDLAY, O., Nov. 15.—M. M. Brooks, who has been superintendent of the Findlay gas plant, was dismissed yesterday for malfeasance. Brooks bought a lot of gas separators from a firm in Kokomo, Ind., for $94 each, and it is alleged charged $105 for them, and pocketed the difference. The "rake off" makes quite a sum, as several hundred separators were purchased. Brooks came here from Lafayette, Ind., last August.

Boycotting Farmers.

CANTON, O., Nov. 15.—J. J. Snyder and twenty-eight other farmers of Jackson township, this county, have appended their names to a card boycotting Russell & Company, the agricultural machinery makers, of Massillon, because of an alleged reduction in the wages of a number of Democratic employes.

Insanity Not Cured.

NEWARK, O., Nov. 15.—Moses Nye, once a prominent merchant of this place, who was brought back Saturday from the asylum for insane, in Columbus, under the belief by his wife that he had recovered, became a raving maniac again yesterday. He was speedily captured and put in irons.

A Life for a 'Coon.

LOGAN, O., Nov. 15.—Paul Angle, an old 'coon hunter living near Maxville, seven miles from here, was killed Thursday morning at 3 o'clock by a tree falling on him that he was felling from which to get a 'coon.

No More Gambling in Findlay.

FINDLAY, O., Nov. 15.—Mayor Meehan has issued an order to the chief of police to close all the gambling houses.

THE LOSS OF THE SERPENT.

Before She Sailed Many Men Deserted. Now Awaiting Trial.

LONDON, Nov. 15.—The excitement caused by the loss of the cruiser Serpent and her officers and crew has been increased by the discovery that quite a large number of men deserted the ship just before she sailed, and are now imprisoned awaiting trial. This convincing evidence that the sailors believed the vessel unfit to stand a sea voyage has aroused a storm of indignation against the naval authorities for permitting the trip to be made without having an official survey made to determine the seaworthiness of the cruiser.

The commotion at Devonport continues day and night, no rest or sleep being possible for the families and friends of the missing men, who seem to cling desperately to the hope that by some miracle the first accounts of the almost total annihilation of the crew may turn out to have been exaggerated.

The newsboys are pounced upon by crowds of dockets, who fairly tear the special editions of the papers from them in their eagerness to learn the latest particulars.

The statement of Admiral Dowell, that he considered the Serpent a safe vessel, is received with astonishment in the face of his recent official utterances in which he condemned the whole class of vessels to which the Serpent belonged as faulty in type. Everything about this most unfortunate business seems destined to bring discredit and shame upon the admiralty.

The three seaman who survived the wreck of the torpedo cruiser Serpent on the Spanish coast are unable to say more than the vessel was, at the time of the catastrophe, going ahead at full speed.

Frederick Gould, one of the three seamen rescued from the foundered torpedo cruiser Serpent, and who is now in the hospital at Camarinas, is also a survivor of the lost gunboats Wasp and Lily.

Dynamite Explosion.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 15.—A Duluth special to The Tribune says: A terrible accident occurred yesterday near West Duluth, resulting in the death of a laborer named Norland, and injury to his entire family. He had placed some dynamite near the stove to thaw out. An explosion followed, killing him instantly. His wife was frightfully burned and had her thumb torn from her hand. A 4-year-old boy had his left arm broken and leg injured, and another child also suffered bad injuries.

Stanley in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov 15.—Mr. Henry M. Stanley delivered his lecture "The Rescue of Emin, and Our March Across Africa," at the Academy of Music before a large audience yesterday evening.

THE MARKETS.

Review of the Stock, Money and Cattle Markets for Nov. 14.

Wall Street.

Money loaned at much easier rates this morning. The ruling rate was 6 per cent.

Exchange steady; posted rates 480½@486, actual rates 479¾@479¾, for sixty days, and 485 for demand.

Governments quiet; currency sixes, 113 bid; fours coupon, 122 bid, four-and-a-halfs do, 104 bid.

STOCK QUOTATIONS.

The following were the 1 p. m. figures:

Atchison	29	Mich. Cent.	88¾
C., B & Q	87½	N. Y. Cent.	98¾
C., C., C. & St L.	58¾	Northwestern	105⅞
Del. & Hud.	133½	Ohio & Miss.	23¾
D., L. & W	137	Pacific Mail	33½
Erie	18¾	Rock Island	69½
Lake Shore	104¾	St. Paul	47⅝
L. & N	70	West. Union	78

Cincinnati.

WHEAT—94@98c.

CORN—Old, 55@58c; new, 52@55c.

WOOL—Unwashed fine merino, 17@18c; ¼-blood combing, 22@23c, medium delaine and clothing, 23@24c; braid, 17@18c; medium clothing, 23@24c, fleece-washed, fine merino, X and XX, 28@29c, medium clothing, 30@31c.

CATTLE—Good to choice butchers, $3 25@3 75, fair to medium, $2 00@3.00, common, $1.25@1 75.

HOGS—Selected butchers and heavy shipping, $3.85@3 95, fair to good packing, $3 60@3 85, common to rough, $3.00@3.45, fair to good light, $3.80@3 65; pigs, $2.75@2 25

SHEEP $2.50@4 75.

LAMBS $3 75@5 75.

Pittsburg.

CATTLE—Prime, $4 60@4 80 good, $3.40@3 80; fair, $2 80@3 30, stockers and feeders, $2 25@3 40 bulls, stags and fat cows, 2@3c; fresh cows, $20 00@45.00.

HOGS—Philadelphias, $4 00@4 10; fair to best Yorkers $3 90@3 90, good mixed, $3.90@4 00.

SHEEP—Extra, $4.90@5 20; good, $4 60@4 80, fair, $3 25@3 80, common $2 00@3 00; lambs, $4 00@6 00.

Chicago.

HOGS—Light, $3.35@3.80; mixed, $3.50@3.95, heavy, $3 60@4 10.

CATTLE—Extra beeves $4 40@5 30, steers, $3 25@4.25, mixed, $1 75@2 90

SHEEP—$3 25@5 25

LAMBS—$4 50@5.75

New York.

WHEAT—No. 2 red winter, $1.01¾; December, $1 01¾.

CORN—Mixed, 57¼c.

OATS—No. 2 mixed, 47¼c.

Toledo.

WHEAT—Cash, 94¾c, December, 95¾c.

CORN—Cash, 53c, May, 55c.

OATS—47c asked

Cleveland Oil.

PETROLEUM—S W 110 deg. 7½c; 74 deg. gasoline, 6½c; 86 deg gasoline, 12c; 63 deg. naphtha, 7oc.

MARY EUBANKS' MURDER.

Her Aged Father Tells How His Son Beat His Sister to Death.

MITCHELL, Ind., Nov. 15.—Mortimer Eubanks, the aged father of Miss Mary Eubanks, who was arrested as an accomplice with his son "Bee" Eubanks as the murderer of his sister, has made a confession to Westley Walker, the town marshal.

He says the murder occurred about midnight Sunday night. "Bee" Eubanks was abusing his sister while he (the father) tried to prevent him, but he could not, as he was old and feeble. "Bee" then took up a club and beat his sister in spite of his entreaties. He ran into the street and called for help, but no one came. He was unable to help his daughter.

Suicided With Prussic Acid.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 15.—Louis J. Camacho, a wealthy Cuban, who came to this city twenty-five years ago, committed suicide in Druid Hill park yesterday afternoon. Suspecting his intention an officer had watched Camacho and saw him fall to the ground. Before the patrol wagon reached the hospital the man was dead. He had taken prussic acid. Camacho had been despondent for a long time, and a few months ago cut his throat and turned on the gas in a room at the Academy hotel. He was a successful business man, and leaves $75,000 to his heirs

A Neglectful Telegraph Operator.

PETERSBURG, Va., Nov. 15.—Two freight trains on the Norfolk and Western railroad collided about 6 o'clock yesterday morning near the Church road, about thirteen miles from this city. Both engines were wrecked as were also sixteen cars. George Breckham, a colored brakeman, was instantly killed. Another brakeman had a leg fractured, and all the other train hands were more or less seriously injured. Negligence on the part of a telegraph operator is said to have caused the disaster.

Killed by an Express Train.

BOSTON, Nov. 15.—At Hyde Park yesterday afternoon, James McKeever, aged 40, a Western Union lineman, was killed by the New York express train from Boston, on the Providence division, Old Colony railroad, while lifting a pole that had fallen across the tracks, pinning down James H. Finnegan, foreman of the construction train. Finnegan was severely bruised, but not seriously injured. McKeever leaves a family in Nova Scotia.

Child Scalded to Death.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Nov. 15.—Last evening the 13-months-old child of Mr. and Mrs. John Kaufman, living near Battle Ground, this county, was fatally scalded, dying some hours after. The family was at supper, when the child accidentally pulled the table cloth until a cup of boiling coffee was upset upon its face and breast and a portion going in the mouth of the child, producing fatal injuries. The parents are heart-broken.

Negro Murderer Surrenders.

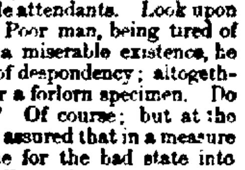
LEXINGTON, Ky., Nov. 15.—The negro who murdered the wealthy Kentucky farmer, Dr. B. Gorham, on Tuesday, came to Lexington Wednesday and surrendered to the authorities. He claims that his victim was advancing on him with a stick, when he drew his pistol and killed him. There are some apprehensions of a lynching party from the country.

Caught in the Shafting.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 15.—Henry E. Pogue, aged 65, a prominent business man of Maysville, Ky., and a member of the firm of Pogue & Thomas, distillers, was caught in the shafting of the distillery at 11 o'clock Friday morning and instantly killed. He leaves two sons, one a Presbyterian minister at Atlanta, Ga., the other a lawyer of Cincinnati.

It is a Mistake

To try to cure catarrh by using local applications Catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It is not a disease of the man's nose, but of the man. Therefore, to effect a cure, requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla which, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, expelling the taint which causes the disease, and imparting health.



ALAS!

How wretched is the man who has fallen a victim to Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, or diseased Liver, with all the horrible attendants. Look upon the picture. Poor man, being tired of dragging out a miserable existence, he is the picture of despondency; altogether, he is rather a forlorn specimen. Do we pity him? Of course; but at the same time feel assured that in a measure he is to blame for the bad state into which he has fallen. A sure, safe, speedy and easy cure can be found in Simmons Liver Regulator—Nature's own remedy. No mercury or deleterious drugs, not unpleasant to the taste, and always reliable—just such a remedy as you can pin your faith to without a shadow of disappointment. Read the testimonial, don't take our word for it:

"I have been subject to severe spells of Congestion of the Liver, and have been in the habit of taking from 15 to 20 grains of calomel, which generally laid me up for three or four days. Lately I have been taking Simmons Liver Regulator which gave me relief, without any interruption to business." J. HUGG, Middleport, Ohio.

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BYRON AND BYRONISM

THE WITCHERY THE POET EXERCISED WHILE LIVING.

A Pilgrimage to His Grave—A Mass of Affectation and Contradiction—How Regarded Today as Author and Man. A Letter from Junius Henri Browne.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—It is more than twenty years since, being in England, I was anxious to visit the grave of Byron. I was romantically interested in him and his poetry then—the romantic interest belonged, I suppose, to my youth—and I felt that I could not quit the kingdom without making a sentimental pilgrimage to the spot which contained his ashes. I was full of the subject. I talked much of it to various acquaintances, true Britons, that I had made in London. To my surprise, they did not know, though educated and of the upper class, where Byron was buried. I had not then got accustomed to the extraordinary ignorance of the English about topics on which they should be plentifully informed.

"His remains have not been removed," I inquired, "from Hucknall, have they?"

They had never heard of Hucknall.

"It is a small town," I explained, "near Newstead Abbey."

They had never heard of Newstead Abbey either. I was astounded.

"You know who Byron was?" I questioned with some irritation. They believed that they did.

One of them remembered reading some of his "queer stuff" at college. Another pronounced him an awfully funny fellow, expressing the opinion that his burlesques were really jolly. He referred to Henry J. Byron, author of "Babes in the Wood," "Jack the Giant Killer" and "Dundreary Married and Done For."

The poet, you recollect, illustrated military glory by a soldier killed in battle and having his name misspelled in The Army Gazette. What could have been more satirical than the confounding of his great name with that of a writer of extravaganzas for the British stage! He would have enjoyed or have pretended to enjoy that cruel stab at his self love.

I went to Hucknall and saw the family vault—in the little church of the little town—in which Byron was interred forty years before, after the ridiculous ecclesiastic philistine, the dean of Westminster, had pompously refused to admit the body to the abbey. The vault was not much to see, but it awoke many emotions in my breast, and the contrast between the tranquil, decaying village and the passion and the tumult of the poet's life impressed me deeply. I had at that time great admiration for the man. Wider experience, added years and better acquaintance with his life have materially modified that admiration.

When I was born Byron had been years in the grave, and the reaction against the sentimental worship of him and his works had been completely established. He had ceased to be idealized; his literary reputation was much below his merit, when, in my early teens, I began to read him. "Childe Harold," "Lara," "The Corsair," "Manfred," "Cain," "The Deformed Transformed," appealed to me like the echoes of my own heart. His thoughts, his feelings, his skepticism, his melancholy, his egotism were mine, or at least I fancied them to be. Having nothing to trouble me, my days passing serenely, smoothly, my future unclouded and promising, I imagined myself wretched and bearing a peculiar destiny. It all seems very absurd and ludicrous now; but then my condition appeared positively serious to my own morbid mind. I was extremely foolish, no doubt; but I had not the slightest conception of the fact.

There can be no such a blasé, blasted soul as that of a conceited romantic boy, who, thinking himself clever, delights in conjuring up shadows wherever the sunlight falls. I must have been afflicted with the peculiar ailment named Wertherism, derived from Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther," to which introspective, over susceptible juvenility is still subject. I should style it Byronism, were not Byronism a contagion caught from reading the poet, and I had suffered from the distemper before opening a volume of his works. His writings certainly had, and may have yet, a strange capacity to reproduce, in very young persons, the morose, dismal, despairing moods which they so eloquently describe. In Italy and Germany, particularly in Poland, Bohemia, Hungary and Russia, their strong influence has never been modified. But the people of these countries are very different from the English and Americans, who are, above all, conspicuous for practicality and common sense.

It is hard to comprehend at this late day what a glamor Byron contrived during his life to throw over his verse, investing his personality with exaggerated and romantic qualities that did not belong to him. On young women of our blood he wrought a sort of spell. They sympathized with him intensely, all the more because he was by his own account so very wicked. They were in the habit of kneeling down every night and praying for his conversion, for the repose of his soul. Precious little simpletons, how the author of "Childe Harold" would have gibed at them had he seen their folly!

I remember an aunt who told me that she perplexed her brain for months in her girlhood with trying to think how she might mitigate his misery. He became the fashion among Anglo-Saxon youths, who, by quoting his stanzas and imitating his vices, imagined that they had genius. Others cultivated pallor, wore broad, low collars and scowled like Alp or the Giaour. They labored hard to believe themselves deep dyed villains; and certain freshmen at Cambridge and Oxford were wont to stalk over the quadrangle with moody brow, intimating that they had committed a dreadful crime without a name. The feminine heart in two hemispheres leaped to the refrain, "So young, so handsome, so gifted, so unhappy." No man before or since has so imposed himself upon the cultured world, so stolen the unmerited sympathies of hearts charged with excess of sensibility. The strain did not and could not last; but it was sincere and severe while it continued.

Byron was underrated as a poet long after the reaction had set in, and it is only within the last twenty odd years that he has regained the place he is entitled to. He is now accepted, with all deductions, as one of the greatest of poets, as one of the masters of the English tongue. Not a little of his work is set to one key, but the key is magnificent and most melodiously variable. As a man, notwithstanding his constantly expressed hatred of cant and sham, he had a deal of both in his verse, and his daily assumptions. Strongly gifted and courageous, often chivalrous, he undeniably was, but he was also superlatively vain, egotistic, sensual, affected and in the main deeply selfish. It is difficult to decide what he was or what he was not, so inconsistent, so contradictory was his whole nature. He conspired [illegible] private slander and [illegible] for years he did [illegible] world believe him [illegible] was—a task [illegible].

His disposition was [illegible]. His every virtue had its attendant vice. He was generous and niggardly, magnanimous and paltry, exalted and base, tender and coarse, true and false, lovable and odious in the same hour. Never was he quite sincere. He was always playing a part, acting for effect, trying to mystify everybody. Quizzing was his habitual offense. He was a creature of impulse, seldom impelled by principle and absolutely incapable of forgetting himself. On no other mortal, perhaps, has so much sympathy been wasted. He did not deserve sympathy. He may have valued it in his heart, but he outwardly scoffed at it and invariably ridiculed those who expressed it. So incrusted was he with affectation that nature might have been suffocated in him for want of air.

Many of his apologists have declared that it would have been far better if he had married Mary Chaworth—he conveyed the same impression in his writings—instead of Anne Milbanke. But it is not the least likely. He was totally disqualified for domesticity. No woman of any pride or spirit could or would have lived with him as wife any length of time. Teresa Guiccioli was his mistress four or five years without serious quarrels, but she was an easy going Italian of abnormal character. He treated poor Jane Clermont, the mother of his daughter Allegra, shamefully, he had neither understanding nor appreciation of pure minded women. The imputation of disloyalty, his liaisons generally were as offensive to good taste as to morality, and he boasted of them, as he boasted of everything, whether creditable or shameful.

So inveterate a humbug was he that it has been gravely doubted if his dejection and despondence were not part of his masquerading. In a measure they were; but when he put them into his verse, as he continually did, he doubtless felt them—they represented his mood of the moment. Otherwise he could not have so affected his readers. Nature stubbornly declines to be tricked. Surely he had more than enough to render him melancholy. His heredity was execrable; his father being an army officer—he was dubbed Mad Jack Byron—a gambler, a debauchee, a spendthrift; his mother an ill favored, narrow, vulgar vixen. One moment she would deride him for his lameness; the next praise him to the skies, and smother him with kisses. After abusing each other violently, while he was still a boy, they would each, after expending their fury, slip round to the nearest drug store to inquire if the other had been there to buy poison. On his return from the east he did not visit her, though he had been absent two years, and she cursed him just before she died, wishing that he might be as deformed mentally as he was physically. His sole deformity was his defective right foot, with which she derided him when angry, knowing how sensitive he was about it. What could be expected of a man with such a mother, and with a father of mad Jack's antecedents? Much should be forgiven him in consequence. His blood was tainted at his birth.

Byron's good and bad qualities have both been exaggerated by his contemporaries. He was not nearly so handsome as his portraits commonly represent him. They idealize him: they show him to be almost boyish in appearance. Years before his death he was out of health and looked older than his age, though he died at 36. I have seen drawings and sketches of him in England, declared to have been taken from life, and there is no reason for doubt. They were not remarkable in any way; they were fairly comely, but without trace of beauty.

Trelawney, who died recently at an advanced age, knew him intimately, and often spoke of him orally, I have been told, in a manner very diverse from what he printed in his memoirs.

Byron's end was noble. He earnestly endeavored to aid the Greeks against their Turkish oppressors, and thereby evinced considerable talent for military organization. His sacrifice for the struggling nation cancelled most of his grievous faults and consecrated his memory. Schopenhauer published his now famous work, "The World as Will and Idea," the first systematic expression of pessimism, five years before Byron's death, but it attracted no attention until long afterward.

The poet considered as sufficient motive for "Childe Harold" his wish to inform civilization that he was unhappy, and he informed it of the fact in dulcet numbers for the next twelve years. In the last half century we have grown so accustomed to regard life as very serious, with a large admixture of sadness, that Byron's tuneful plaints appear redundant. They contain much beside, however, that is grand and beautiful, and remembering how weighted he was with ancestral evil, we pity him as an heir of our common humanity, we admire him as a lover of liberty and progress, and as incontestably a great poet.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

Southern Women in New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—Mary E. Bryan, now editing Munro's periodicals, was born in Florida. She is a pretty woman with dark eyes and a slender figure. She talks as well as she writes. She writes rapidly and does not revise or copy. Calling upon her one night at 8 o'clock I found she had still to write twenty-seven pages of foolscap upon a continued story and have it done by the next morning. The matter was ready for the press at 8 a. m.

Mrs. Bryan has written much creditable verse, and she recites her poems with fine effect. She has written several novels and one play. "Uncle Ned's White Child" is her last book. It is full of interest, and could only have been written by one familiar with the old down south negro talk. Her first novel was written in Louisiana with her babe in her arms. She did her [illegible] at the [illegible]. The [illegible] brought a harvest [illegible]. One who knows of the [illegible] under which Mrs. Bryan has [illegible] performed her literary work [illegible] writes on a [illegible]."

Like all the rest of her southern literary sisters she has her own home, and her pretty flat in Fourteenth street is the center of a coterie of intellectual friends. She is chairman of Literature of Sorosis, and is one of the vice presidents of the Woman's Press Club of New York.

Mrs. Sarah J. Battey edits a fashion magazine and a publication called The World, and is said to be in receipt of a large income from her varied work. She was born at Evansville, a few miles from [illegible].

Mrs. N[illegible], of Tennessee, before coming to New York was engaged upon a southwestern paper. She has written many poems, continued stories and plays. She boasts that she has done all sorts of newspaper work except setting type.

ANNA RANDALL DIEHL.

A SPORTSMAN'S STORY

He Informs Our Correspondent of a Wonderful Run of Luck.

[Special Correspondence.]

SCHROON LAKE, N. Y., Nov. 10.—I ran across a man here yesterday who has greatly interested me with his stories of hunting and fishing adventures hereabouts. Here is his latest, to which he says he is ready to make affidavit:

"It was an ideal day for a fisherman," he says. "The sky was overcast, and a light breeze blowing up the lake ruffled its clear waters. The air was fresh and bracing, but not too cold, and as I set out from the head of the lake, alone in a light pair oared boat, old Blue Ridge, the highest mountain peak in this region, had just buried his head in a mass of gray clouds as though he were turning in for a morning nap. The fishing has not been very good in this part of the Adirondacks this season, and some sportsmen aver that Schroon and Paradox lakes are fished out.

"But there was something in the air on this day which promised luck. I had brought along my shotgun, intending to keep a lookout for quail lower down the lake in case the fish should prove coy. I skirted the shore of Isola Bella, a pretty little island near the head of the lake, looking for a good place to drop a line. I found an inviting spot near a mass of rock about twenty feet from the shore, and casting in my hook, baited with a live frog, waited. In three minutes two things occurred simultaneously which gave me a start. I felt a slight nibble, then a mighty tug at the end of the line, and at the same moment heard a whirring sound as a brace of quail rose from the bush on the island.

THRUST THE ROD UNDER MY LEFT ARM.

"I 'struck' my fish, thrust the rod under my left arm, and seizing my gun let fly with both barrels. The two birds dropped, and at that instant I felt my rod slide from under my arm as the big fellow at the end of the line started to run up the lake. I dropped my gun in the bottom of the boat, and reaching out for the rod lost my balance, and fell headlong into the water. I grasped the rod as I went under, however, and on coming up took it between my teeth and started to swim back to the boat. This was no easy matter, with a furious bass tugging at the end of the line like a young whale. I found I was actually being pulled away from the boat and up stream. I threw myself on my back, and taking the rod in both hands let the big fish tire himself out.

"When his struggles ceased I was about fifty feet above the boat, and then I easily swam to shore and hauled him in. He proved to be a magnificent black bass, weighing nearly seven pounds. I ran and picked up my birds, and, swimming back to the boat, rowed up to Schroon village flushed with triumph, but was greatly chagrined to find that nobody would believe my story. I have resolved, therefore, to let you give it to the world," he added. And I have tried to do my duty in the premises.

FRANCIS LIVINGSTON.

World's Fair Matters.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—With the advent of cold weather increased vim and energy seem to characterize the preliminaries of the World's Columbian exposition. Up in the fifth story of the Adams express building, where Vice President Bryan, Secretary Ben Butterworth and the other officials and attaches of the local directory are housed, and still higher up in the big Pullman building, a few blocks to the eastward, where President Palmer, Director General Davis and the visiting members of the national commission are domiciled, all is activity from early morn till long after dusk.

Every mail brings in stacks of communications which require attention from the official or department directly interested, and nearly every hour brings a visitor or visitors from far and near, who have some new scheme to spring or plan to suggest that is certain, in their own enthusiastic opinion, to be one of the great features of the fair. Every night, too, the collectors who are making their daily rounds among the subscribers to the capital stock return to Treasurer Seeberger's office with wallets well lined with checks and their coat pockets bulging out with silver and gold. However much of truth there may be in the reports of prevailing stringency in the money market, it is certain that so far the World's fair treasury has had no cause of complaint.

There is now in bank to the credit of the enterprise nearly a million of dollars, apart from the fund that is drawn upon for current expenses, and this is earning interest at the rate of $1,500 a month. Judging from the present outlook and the enthusiastic feeling that prevails among the subscribers, who had been holding off on the ground that work was not progressing rapidly enough to suit them, another million will be added by the first of the year.

Still another step forward will be inaugurated a week or so hence, when the lady managers of the fair assemble for the first time in august conclave. It will be a second edition of the national commission, but in petticoats instead of the prevailing masculine garb, and thereat the advocates of equal rights may justly rejoice with exceeding great joy, for it will be the first time in the history of international expositions that due recognition has been accorded to the gentler sex. There will be [illegible] of them and they will represent every state and territory of the Union.

[illegible] will be young, and possessed of beauty that has made them the belles of [illegible] from whence they come; the [illegible] of others will tell of many [illegible] in movements calculated to [illegible] glorify and honor their sex [illegible] bear names that are [illegible] in the literary world, others [illegible] themselves famous as artists [illegible] of art. Many more are known [illegible] philanthropic deeds, women who have sacrificed much and labored much in the hope that peradventure they might leave the world a little better than they found it.

HENRY M. HUNT.

MYSTIC MISCELLANY.

NOTES AND NEWS OF THE VARIOUS SECRET SOCIETIES.

A Description and Picture of the Odd Fellows' Home in Course of Construction at Worcester, Mass.—It Will Cost $30,000—The Other Orders.

A few weeks ago the little Massachusetts city of Worcester was crowded with a veritable host of enthusiastic men and women. There were nearly 10,000 of them, and they had traveled from all parts of New England to witness the laying of the corner stone of the Odd Fellows' home, which is in process of construction in that city. This home, now soon to be realized in a handsome building, is the result of long years of argument and hard work by members of the order who realized the importance of such an institution—who realized the duty owed by the order to the children of brethren who have gone before.

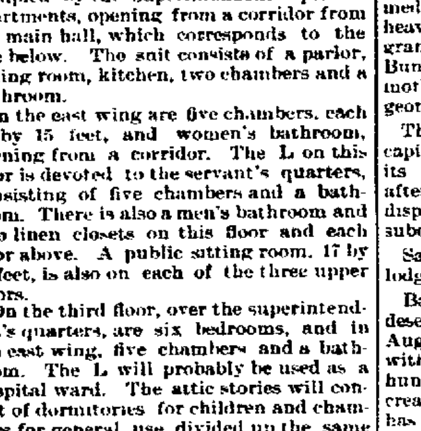
The building will face the south, and consists of a main structure 100 by 40 feet, with a large L at the rear 50 by 40 feet, separated by a brick wall from the main part as a protection against fire.

The building is four stories and a half in height, with a steep hip roof ornamented with dormer windows. A large central tower in front 20 feet square, with turrets at each corner, and an irregularly curved roof is a very handsome and conspicuous feature. The most modern style of architecture prevails. The material to be used is brick and brown stone. The interior will be finished throughout in ash.

The veranda at the main entrance is of brick and stone, 44 feet long and 12 feet wide, and is reached by a broad flight of granite buttress steps. The front door enters the vestibule, 8 by 17 feet, and the office occupies a corner of the main hall. Double doors lead into the main hall, 17½ by 37 feet in size. The stairs are at the north end at the right, and ascend with one-quarter landing. A double doorway on the right opens into the auditorium, 37 by 39 feet, with a seating capacity of 150. Opposite this door is the arch to the corridor of the west wing.

Besides the halls, the first floor contains the ladies' reception room, the library, parlor, public dining room, kitchen, store room and toilet rooms. In the basement is the smoking room, 39 by 39.

From the lobby a double door opens into the public dining room, 20½ by 39 feet, in the L, with a seating capacity of seventy-five. At the right of this room is the kitchen, 16 by 18 feet, off of which are the butler's and main pantries. The back hall connects with both the dining room and kitchen, also with the store room, 7 by 8 feet, at the rear of the main pantry.



THE PROPOSED HOME AT WORCESTER.

On the second floor the west wing is occupied by the superintendent's private apartments, opening from a corridor from the main hall, which corresponds to the one below. The suit consists of a parlor, dining room, kitchen, two chambers and a bathroom.

In the east wing are five chambers, each 12 by 15 feet, and women's bathroom, opening from a corridor. The L on this floor is devoted to the servant's quarters, consisting of five chambers and a bathroom. There is also a men's bathroom and two linen closets on this floor and each floor above. A public sitting room, 17 by 23 feet, is also on each of the three upper floors.

On the third floor, over the superintendent's quarters, are six bedrooms, and in the east wing, five chambers and a bathroom. The L will probably be used as a hospital ward. The attic stories will consist of dormitories for children and chambers for general use, divided up the same as the third floor.

Thomas H. Dodge, the donor of the site, is a wealthy and generous resident of Worcester. He is not an Odd Fellow.

The building when completed will have cost $30,000.

A. O. U. W.

A Cemetery for the Order to Be Established in St. Louis—Notes.

The lodges of St. Louis county, Mo., are organizing an association or stock company for the purpose of establishing an A. O. U. W. cemetery in the county. A large meeting of the neighboring lodges was held at Sappington on Oct. 11. Over $400 has been raised for the purpose, and it is expected that not only the lodges in the county but St. Louis lodges will take stock, and thus secure for the order an exclusive burying ground, which will be a credit to the A. O. U. W., and enable the members to have larger lots for much less expense than in any public cemetery.

The order in New England is exceptionally prosperous and is having an exceedingly low death rate. It is stated in The New England Workman that in the period between June 18 and Sept. 1 only seven deaths occurred in a membership of nearly 18,000.

Nebraska certainly takes the prize banner for healthfulness. She has been a separate jurisdiction for four years and five months, and has levied but forty-five assessments.

Detroit lodge, of Detroit, Mich., the largest lodge of the order, has begun the publication of a monthly paper, The Detroit Banner, the first number of which is on our table. It is a bright, newsy sheet and will doubtless be of much benefit to the lodge.

Quaker City lodge, of Philadelphia, has nearly $15,000 in its general fund. It will soon be able to build a magnificent house of its own and thereby become more of a power than ever.

The grand lodge of Montana is to be instituted in December next at Helena.

Bay State League.

Boston lodge, No. 1, numbers upward of 300 members; Empire, of Lynn, 275, and Bay State, 175.

During the first three weeks of organization 12 lodges have been [illegible], with an average membership of [illegible].

Fraternal Circle.

The lodges in New York [illegible] growing, and District Deputy [illegible] writes that they will be ready for the grand lodge very soon.

MASONIC.

The Chicago Masonic Temple Will Be the Largest Building on Earth.

Norman T. Gassette, the prime mover in the Chicago masonic temple project, recently said to a Chicago Herald reporter: "It will be the largest building on earth, and in many ways totally different from any other structure in existence. The halls and corridors on the various floors will be named and numbered as are the streets and avenues of a city. Instead of being known as the first floor, the main corridor of the second story will be called Gurney street in honor of T. T. Gurney.

"This is the only name as yet decided on, but all the streets will be named after Masonic notables. The idea of giving them names is to do away with all ideas of altitude. The building will be eighteen stories high, and the mere mention of the seventeenth or eighteenth story might discourage some people, if they were looking for an office. The foundation will be of steel rails. Each floor will be like a span of a cantilever bridge. They will be drawn together with red hot bolts, so that there can absolutely be no vibration. The atmospheric pressure has been figured in an exaggerated way. So has the velocity of the wind. To particularize: The temple will be built so as to resist successfully the wind at a velocity of 135 miles an hour. Such a wind would level all the ordinary business blocks of the city. We have provided to have each floor strong enough to sustain a weight of as many people as could be packed in solid as sardines on every foot of space.

"The upper floor will be as strong as the lower. Built on this principle it could be safely made forty stories high on that foundation. The only objection would be it would require too much room for elevators. We now will have fourteen elevators, eight foot cars, all arranged in a circle. That's more elevators than there are in any other building in the city. Externally the four sides of the temple will be exactly alike. It will appear the same, no matter from what direction viewed. Work will be rushed right along. The temple will be completed and occupied on May 1, 1892, an even year before the World's fair opens."

Notes.

The grand lodge of New South Wales has recognized the grand lodge of Tasmania and the assumed grand lodge of New Zealand.

Samuel Murrell, the oldest Mason in Kentucky, died recently. He received the master Mason degree in 1816.

It is reported that the grand orient of France has attempted to form a lodge in New Zealand.

It is reported that the new Masonic temple at Denver, Colo., has just been sold for $500,000. It cost $400,000, and was dedicated July 3, 1890.

There is a new Masonic lodge at Gering, Neb., with twenty-one charter members.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

An Iowa Brother Who Weighs Seven Hundred Pounds—Various Notes.

John Hanson Craig is undoubtedly the heaviest man upon whom the three ranks of the order have ever been conferred. Says The Knight Errant: "He was born in Iowa City, Ia., and his place of residence is Danville, Ind. He weighs in the neighborhood of 700 pounds. He came to join the order at Philadelphia through an acquaintance with George Moore, of Adherent lodge, No. 124, and was admitted, with forty-three others, on Dec. 30, 1875. On April 15, 1876, he was presented with a gold medal by Adherent lodge as being the heaviest member of the order. Craig's grandfather was killed at the battle of Bunker Hill. His grandfather on his mother's side was Dr. Hanson Catlett, surgeon general of the United States army."

The grand lodge of Ohio levies a per capita tax of fifty cents per annum upon its 31,000 members. Within one month after the close of the grand lodge session dispensations were issued for seven new subordinates.

Savannah, Ga., has 665 knights and five lodges.

Banner lodge, No. 219, of Chicago, rightly deserves its name. It was organized last August, through the efforts of Gen. Brand, with a charter membership of about two hundred, which number has been increased by frequent additions until it now has about three hundred, and no lodge in the order can boast of a more worthy membership.

The order is growing famously at Zanesville, O.

There are 1,700 Pythian Knights in Kansas City and thirteen lodges.

A lodge of Knights of Pythias is now being organized at Sydney, New South Wales.

AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR.

The Ninth Call for 1890—Condition of the Order at the Present Time.

The ninth call for 1890 American Legion of Honor contains 70 deaths—31 in New York, 5 each in Texas and California, 4 each in Louisiana, Mississippi and New Jersey, 3 each in Missouri, Ohio and Maryland, 2 each in Arkansas, North Carolina, South Carolina, Illinois, Pennsylvania and Virginia, and 1 each in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Georgia, Alabama and Hawaiian islands. The largest amount contributed by a deceased companion was $1,487.30, by John C. Stoddard, a sixth degree member of Council 9, of Newport, R. I., admitted to the order March 2, 1881, at 61 years of age, died July 3, 1890. The smallest amount contributed was $1.60, by Nellie Baserville, a first degree member of Council 1,012, of New York city; admitted to the order April 17, 1890, at 34 years of age, died July 27, 1890.

Amount received in benefit fund from assessments and all other sources up to July 16, 1890, was $16,852,028.47; received since on assessments $194,155.98, relief advanced and returned to benefit fund since last report, $512. Total, $17,046,694.45.

Total payments from organization to July 16, 1890, $16,799,176.21, paid on 51 deaths, $118,500, paid on 19 delayed claims, $46,000, paid for relief benefits, $20,890, balance on hand Aug. 15, 1890, $32,138.24.

Massachusetts had but one death on the September call, that of Elizabeth B. Brown, a charter member of Star of the East, of South Boston. This council has also lost its organizer, F. A. Gilbert.

Good Templars.

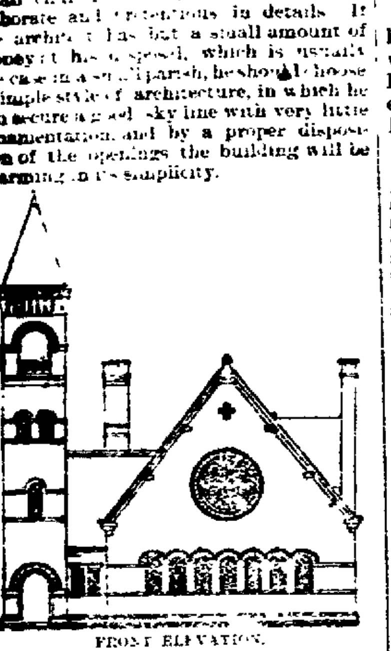
The Good Templars' Mutual Benefit Association of New York has received a license to form branches among Maine lodges which number [illegible]. U. A. Caine, of West Kennebunk, is mentioned as the provider [illegible] state. As there is a more general [illegible] work among old and new lodges every week, there promises to be a large amount of business done as this order has no lodge insurance, though it tried for years to introduce something of this kind.

A COZY CHURCH.

Suitable for Erection in a Small Town at a Cost of $26,000.

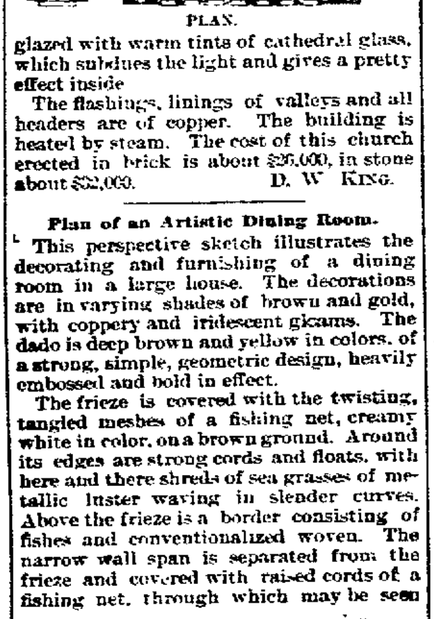
(Copyright by American Press Association.)

A handsome church is always a noticeable structure in any community, and there is no class of buildings which require more care and skill in designing. The most common mistake made in building a small church is the desire to make it too elaborate and pretentious in details. If the architect has but a small amount of money at his disposal, which is usually the case in a small parish, he should choose a simple style of architecture, in which he can secure a good sky line with very little ornamentation, and by a proper disposition of the openings the building will be charming in its simplicity.



FRONT ELEVATION.

The design here represented is for a Congregational church located in a small town upon the corner of two streets. The main entrance is in the tower on the corner, and communicates directly with the vestibule, from which a staircase leads to the gallery in the front end of the church, under which are the steps to the basement. The foundation walls may be of stone, rock faced where exposed to view, or of brick. Above the water table the building is of hard brick laid with a struck joint, and may have trimmings of Potsdam sandstone. The roofs are supported by ornamental iron trusses exposed to view, those which support the gallery being increased in weight. The ceilings of apse and robing room and all side walls are plastered, last coat white sand finish, left rough under the float. The stairs and doors are of white pine veneered with light oak, all other inside finish of clear kiln dried yellow pine. The vestibule is wainscoted to the height of the windows with light oak; the auditorium with yellow pine. The accommodations for the choir and organ are in the gallery, with seats for fifty people. The auditorium of the church will seat about three hundred. The windows are glazed with warm tints of cathedral glass, which subdues the light and gives a pretty effect inside.



PLAN.

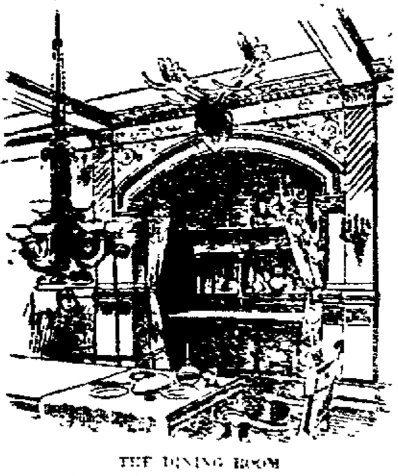
The flashings, linings of valleys and all headers are of copper. The building is heated by steam. The cost of this church erected in brick is about $26,000, in stone about $32,000.

D. W. KING.

Plan of an Artistic Dining Room.

This perspective sketch illustrates the decorating and furnishing of a dining room in a large house. The decorations are in varying shades of brown and gold, with coppery and iridescent gleams. The dado is deep brown and yellow in colors, of a strong, simple, geometric design, heavily embossed and bold in effect.

The frieze is covered with the twisting, tangled meshes of a fishing net, creamy white in color, on a brown ground. Around its edges are strong cords and floats, with here and there shreds of sea grasses of metallic luster waving in slender curves. Above the frieze is a border consisting of fishes and conventionalized woven. The narrow wall span is separated from the frieze and covered with raised cords of a fishing net, through which may be seen small fishes darting among golden sea weed. The ceiling has a similar design, all in keeping with the colors on the walls. A large bay window looking out upon an eastern landscape, with transom lights of beautifully tinted glass, a large open fire place, at the other end a handsome side board in a recess at one side, wood work and furniture all in antique oak, with bronze chandeliers and hardware, side curtains and Persian rugs, complete the whole.



THE DINING ROOM.

A New York Man's Awful Offense.

One of Richard K. Fox's gilded soldiers grumbles [illegible] had to stand for hours [illegible] of a ballroom like [illegible] up the side of a boot for [illegible] matches when lighting [illegible] cigarettes. Charles Reilly imitated a New York policeman in the same way, kindling a match by friction on the back of the peace preserver's best coat. Mr. Reilly was [illegible] for five days in jail and ought to be thankful that he did not attend his own wake.—New York Telegram.

Our Very Best People
Cofirm our statement when we say that Dr. Acker's English Remedy is in every way superior to any and all other preparations for Throat and Lungs. In Whooping Cough and Croup, it is magic and relieves at once. We offer you a sample bottle free. Remember, this Remedy is sold on a positive guarantee. Sold by H. C. Hoberman & Co. and W. B. Foye.

A Turtle Stops a Cotton Mill.

The Barnard mill was stopped for an hour or so Monday. The machinery was all right, but a curious mud turtle had wandered up the feeding pipe of the engine, causing a cessation of work.—Fall River Globe.

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills
Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new discovery. Dr. Miles' Pills speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles, constipation. Unequaled for men, women, children. Smallest, mildest, surest! Fifty doses, 25 cents. Sample free, at Denison & Co., and Hoberman & Co.

Bradfield's Female Regulator
Should be used by the young woman, she who suffers from any disorder peculiar to her sex, and at change of life is a powerful tonic; benefits all who use it. Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by H. C. Hoberman & Co.

Child Suicides.

The Medical and Surgical Reporter is authority for the statement that from Jan. 1 to Sept. 1, 1890, 62 children—46 boys and 16 girls—committed suicide in Berlin. Of this number 24 had attained the age of 15, 14 their 14th year, 9 their 13th, while 7 were only 12 years of age and 1 had not attained the age of 7. In most of the cases the immediate cause for the act remains a secret, but it is supposed to have been due to exceptional severity on the part of servants or teachers.

A Mystery Explained.
The papers contain frequent notices of rich, pretty and educated girls eloping with negroes, tramps and coachmen. The well-known specialist, Dr. Franklin Miles, says all such girls are more or less hysterical, nervous, very impulsive, unbalanced; usually subject to headache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, immoderate crying or laughing. These show a weak nervous system for which there is no remedy equal to Restorative Nervine. Trial bottles and a fine book, containing many marvelous cures, free at Denison & Co.'s, and Hoberman & Co.'s, who also sell, and guarantee Dr. Miles' celebrated New Heart Cure, the finest of heart tonics. Cures fluttering, short breath, etc.

Scrofula
Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck or goitre, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness, yield to the powerful effects of this medicine. It thoroughly removes every impurity from the blood.

Scrofula
"My little daughter's life was saved, as we believe, by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before she was six months old she had 7 running scrofula sores. One physician advised the amputation of one of her fingers, to which we refused assent. When we began giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla, a marked improvement was noticed and by a continued use of it her recovery was complete. And she is now, being seven years old, strong and healthy." B. C. JONES, Alna, Lincoln County, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE.
110 MILES SHORTEST TO JACKSONVILLE
94 Miles the Shortest And the Quickest!
Cincinnati to New Orleans,
Time 27 Hours. Entire Trains, Baggage Car, Day Coaches and Sleepers run through without change.
110 Miles the Shortest 7 Hours the Quickest
Cincinnati to Jacksonville.
Fla. Time 27 Hours. The only line running Solid Trains and Through Sleeping Cars. Only line from Cincinnati to Chattanooga, Tenn.; Ft Payne, Ala.; Meridian, Miss.; Vicksburg, Miss.; Shreveport, La. 20 Miles Shortest Cincinnati to Lexington, Ky.; 5 Hours Quickest Cincinnati to Knoxville, Tenn.; 116 Miles Shortest Cincinnati to Atlanta and Augusta, Ga.; 114 Miles Shortest Cincinnati to Anniston, Ala.; 26 Miles Shortest Cincinnati to Birmingham, Ala.; 15 Miles Shortest Cincinnati to Mobile, Ala. Direct connections at New Orleans and Shreveport for
Texas, Mexico and California!
Trains leave Central Union Depot, Cincinnati, crossing the Famous High Bridge of Kentucky, and rounding the base of Lookout Mountain.
Pullman Boudoir Sleepers On All Through Trains!
Over One Million Acres of Land in Alabama, the future Great State of the South, subject to preemption, and the
Climate is Unsurpassed.
For Rates, Maps, Etc., address NEIL C. KERR, Central Passenger Agent, 94 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
C. C. HARVEY, Gen'l Manager.
D. G. EDWARDS, Gen Pas. & Tkt. Agt.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

TOYS FOR CHRISTMAS.

A BUSY MULTITUDE NOW ENGAGED IN THEIR MANUFACTURE.

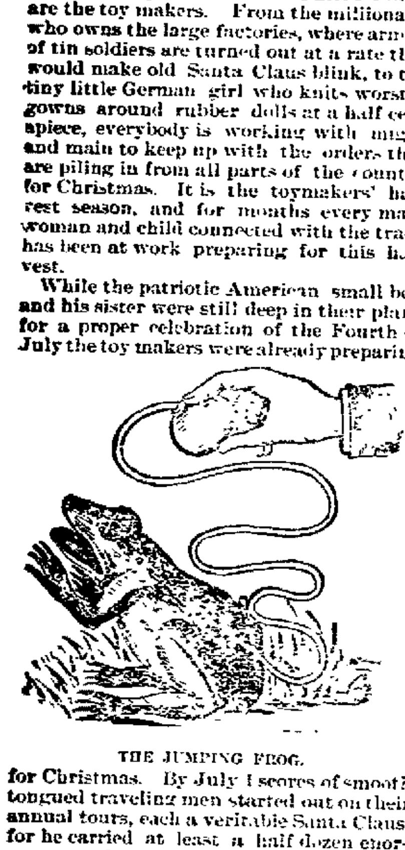
Some of the Novelties Which Will Delight the Boys and Girls at the Holiday Season—Costly Playthings from France and Germany.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

THE JAPANESE MAGICIAN.

Just at present the busiest people in and about the big cities of the United States are the toy makers. From the millionaire who owns the large factories, where armies of tin soldiers are turned out at a rate that would make old Santa Claus blink, to the tiny little German girl who knits worsted gowns around rubber dolls at a half cent apiece, everybody is working with might and main to keep up with the orders that are piling in from all parts of the country for Christmas. It is the toymakers' harvest season, and for months every man, woman and child connected with the trade has been at work preparing for this harvest.

While the patriotic American small boy and his sister were still deep in their plans for a proper celebration of the Fourth of July the toy makers were already preparing for Christmas. By July 1 scores of smooth tongued traveling men started out on their annual tours, each a veritable Santa Claus, for he carried at least a half dozen enormous trunks crammed to the lids with an assortment of toys that would have made any boy or girl in the land happy. Before a fortnight passed the first order had been taken, and the factories that had been working on half time started in for business in dead earnest, increasing their force with every week.



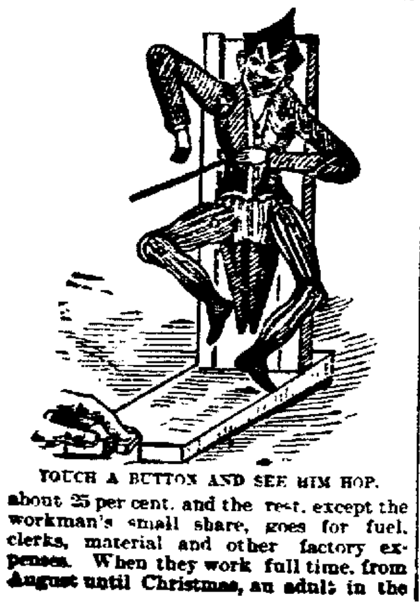
THE JUMPING FROG.

No one in the trade objects to this stress of work. To the factory owner it means a fattening of his bank account, and to the workers a season of plenty during which they can eat and drink to their hearts' content, and still lay by a little sum to serve during the dull months afterward.

In the tenements where the toy makers live the lights are seldom dimmed now before midnight, and by the time the sun is up next morning the family is at work again straining every nerve to make the most of the opportunities in sight. The father and the sons who are old enough are off to the factories by daybreak, while the mother and her daughters remain behind to add to the little store by making such holiday trifles as can be put together at home.

THE CRAWLING DOLL.

Of the retail selling price of toys not more than 7 or 8 per cent. on the average goes to the toy maker in this country. The rest is consumed principally by the persons through whose hands the toys pass until they reach the Christmas tree. The retailer makes from 30 to 50 per cent. of the selling price. The jobber is rarely content with less than 15 to 20 per cent. of the remainder. The manufacturer wants about 25 per cent. and the rest, except the workman's small share, goes for fuel, clerks, material and other factory expenses. When they work full time, from August until Christmas, an adult in the factories earns about $12 a week, and the boys, of whom a large number are employed, make about $5.



TOUCH A BUTTON AND SEE HIM HOP.

There is one person in the factory, however, who earns more than this—the designer of new toys. He generally acts in the capacity of foreman or superintendent, though not unfrequently a novelty is invented by one of the clever workmen. This year the designers have apparently not been very busy, and in consequence the stock of American novelties to be offered for Christmas is not very great. One of the most striking among the new things is a Japanese juggler, who balances a ball on an umbrella for a half hour in the regulation style when wound up. Another is a Spanish dancer of the male species, who is attached to a board and is worked by a lever. A weeping doll and dancing bear, a walking Chinaman, a locomotive that explodes whenever you want it to and a jointed alligator that creeps along in the most blood curdlingly natural manner complete the list of mechanical novelties.

Then there are "doll" sets, combs, brushes, soap, a tiny bottle of perfumery, etc., that come from France, and are calculated to drive any little miss into spasms of delight. Germany also sends something new in the "jumping toy" line, being a blonde, blue eyed boy, who jumps on his hands and knees true to nature, while America has added a jumping tin frog that will win the boys' hearts.

In dolls a greater variety than has ever been seen before will be on the shelves of the toy stores. There are dolls who walk and dolls who bow and dolls who salute you, or fan themselves, or do almost anything else that you wish. And then, of course, there is the doll that talks, thanks to Mr. Edison. But this doll hasn't been much of a success. The price ($10) is too high, and then besides she loses her voice. A Fauntleroy doll, though, that came from France has been sold to retailers by the ton, and a "mourning doll" has gone so well that the stocks have been exhausted.

For the children of the rich there are any number of expensive new mechanical toys from France. A juggler about two feet high who does more wonderful tricks than Hermann is on the shelves for $100 alongside of a "pleading barrister" at the same price. There is an "electric toy" for boys with inquisitive minds. This fetches $35, and generates electricity which is made to ring bells, turn machinery, etc. A fourteen inch bear who walks as naturally as life is rated at $20, and a school of musical cats at $9. A bootblack and a spinning woman who work for dear life when wound up are worth $28. From this things get gradually cheaper. A pig that jumps out of a stye to be fed is $4.50, and all sorts of dogs and cats who perform to the tune of a music box in their organism can be had as low as $2.

PAUL LATZKE.

HE WILL WRITE NO MORE.

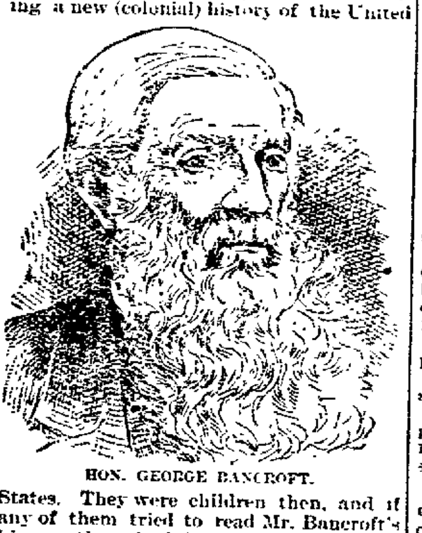
Historian Bancroft Announces His Retirement from Literary Life.

The venerable George Bancroft recently announced that he had laid down his pen forever. So it may be assumed that his literary career is at an end.

Those who are now half a hundred years old remember when every one was discussing a new (colonial) history of the United States. They were children then, and if any of them tried to read Mr. Bancroft's history they doubtless found it beyond their grasp, but it made an impression upon their elders, which was reflected upon them; but a small proportion of those who began to read this history when its first volume appeared ever lived to read the latest chapter. Mr. Bancroft has lived to tread alone

Some banquet hall deserted,

and listen only to the encomiums of subsequent generations.



HON. GEORGE BANCROFT.

Mr. Bancroft has all his life been a horseback rider. One of the first intimations the public had that the man who is now over 90 years old was failing was an advertisement which appeared some time ago offering his saddle horse for sale. It is said that Mr. Bancroft still possesses physical vigor, but his intellect is failing. He still receives those impressions which are conveyed to him, but they soon pass away.

Mr. Bancroft's career goes back so far that scarcely any one can be found who is familiar with the early scenes through which he passed. Fifty-six years ago the first volume of his great history appeared. Forty-five years ago President Polk made him secretary of the navy, and he founded the naval academy at Annapolis. Forty-four years ago he was minister to Great Britain. In 1871 he was appointed the first American minister to the court of the new German empire.

THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

In 1875 Mr. Bancroft went to reside in Washington, since when he has been a conspicuous figure at the capital. He has been twice married and twice a widower. His children and some of his grandchildren, however, are with him in his old age.

Mr. Bancroft has always been of aristocratic sympathies, and has always maintained a position with fashionable people. Often in summer he has been seen, even when past the heyday of life, mounted on his saddle horse riding on the beach at Newport, surrounded by the glitter and display of fashionable life. At Berlin he created some dissatisfaction among the Americans, who did not receive the attentions they thought due them from their minister. He has not been a man of the people, but as a historian his fame is doubtless secure, and as a cabinet officer he will be remembered as the founder of a national school for the education of naval officers.

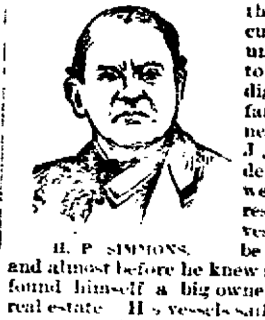
The friends of a German letter carrier recently celebrated the fifty fifth anniversary of the day he began duty. The man is said to have walked over a million miles.

AN OLD NEW YORK MERCHANT.

Although An Octogenarian the Years Weigh Lightly on Him.

The old fashioned New York merchant is a figure in history, but as he was prominent and a power in years long "before the war," it is something of a surprise to learn that one of his type still lives and enjoys with all the heartiness of perfect health the blessings of existence.

Forty years ago Henry P. Simmons bade farewell to the commercial circles of Gotham. He had accumulated a fortune and intended to take "ease with dignity" at the family homestead near Passaic, N. J., for the remainder of his life. But wealth brought responsibility, investments had to be looked after, and almost before he knew it Mr. Simmons found himself a big owner of ships and real estate. His vessels sail many seas and carry every imaginable sort of cargo.



H. P. SIMMONS.

Some years ago his Jersey neighbors agreed at the polls that he would make a good judge, and during three terms on the county bench he vindicated their choice for magistrate by his decisions and rulings.

Although an octogenarian Mr. Simmons is still erect, broad shouldered and of great physical powers. Besides, he is possessed of a voice that rolls and reverberates like the thunder of a summer storm and a kindly nature that responds to any legitimate appeal of distress.

THE RECORD OF FIFTY YEARS.

How Congress Has Stood in Relation to the Administration.

In a speech made a few days before the recent election Mr. Blaine declared that "from the time of John Quincy Adams to Abraham Lincoln, with one exception, every administration lost its second congress." The suggestion embodied in this deliverance of the Maine statesman has been utilized by a contributor to The Philadelphia Press. His highly interesting summary of congressional elections for the last fifty years is as follows:

1840—William H Harrison (Whig) elected president. Congress elected stood, Whigs, 133; Locofocos, 102. The congress elected in 1842 stood, Whigs, 79; Locofocos, 140.

1844—James K. Polk (Democrat) elected president. Congress elected stood, Whigs, 76; Locofocos, 135. The congress elected in 1846 stood, Whigs, 115; Locofocos, 108.

1848—Zachary Taylor (Whig) elected president. Congress elected stood, Whigs, 111; Locofocos, 116. The congress elected in 1850 stood, Whigs, 88; opposition, 140.

1852—Franklin Pierce (Democrat) elected president. Congress elected stood, Whigs, 71; Democrats, 159. The congress elected in 1854 stood, Republicans, 108; Democrats, 83; Fillmore-Americans, 43.

1856—James Buchanan (Democrat) elected president. Congress elected stood, Democrats, 131; Republicans, 92. The congress elected in 1858 stood, Republicans, 114; Democrats, 87.

1860—Abraham Lincoln (Republican) elected president. Congress elected stood, Republicans, 106; Democrats, 42; Unionists, 28. The congress elected in 1862 stood, Republicans, 102; Democrats, 75.

1864—Abraham Lincoln (Republican) re-elected president. Congress elected stood, Republicans, 145; Democrats, 40. The congress elected in 1866 stood, Republicans, 143; Democrats, 49.

1868—Ulysses S. Grant (Republican) elected president. Congress elected stood, Republicans, 151; Democrats, 61. The congress elected in 1870 stood, Republicans, 131; Democrats, 95.

1872—Ulysses S. Grant (Republican) re-elected president. Congress elected stood, Republicans, 195; Democrats, 88. The congress elected in 1874 stood, Republicans, 108; Democrats, 168.

1876—Rutherford B. Hayes (Republican) elected president. Congress elected stood, Republicans, 140; Democrats, 153. The congress elected in 1878 stood, Republicans, 130; Democrats, 149.

1880—James A. Garfield (Republican) elected president. Congress elected stood, Republicans, 152; Democrats, 130. The congress elected in 1882 stood, Republicans, 119; Democrats, 200.

1884—Grover Cleveland (Democrat) elected president. Congress elected stood, Republicans, 138; Democrats, 182. The congress elected in 1886 stood, Republicans, 152; Democrats, 169.

The Harrison figures are not given, because it is probable that the actual status of the next congress will not become apparent until the meeting in December.

The Queen Collects Her Rents.

The royal courts of justice at London witnessed a queer ceremony recently. Centuries ago Walter le Brun was granted ground on which to place a forge, the yearly rental to the crown being six horseshoes and sixty-one nails. About the same time Nicolas de Mora received a piece of land on condition that he annually cut in twain one fagot with a bill hook and another with a hatchet. These properties are held even now on the same terms, and the other day at the opening of court proclamation was made: "Tenants and occupiers of a piece of waste ground called 'The Moors,' in the county of Salop, come forth and do your service."

Upon this Mr. Crawford went through the ceremony of cutting the fagots, one being severed with a hatchet and the other with a bill hook, two formidable instruments, which, in conjunction with a small square chopping block, had been set out on the table before the queen's remembrancer. Then the proclamation was made. "Tenants and occupiers of a certain tenement called 'The Forge,' in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the county of Middlesex, come forth and do your service!" Once more Mr. Crawford advanced to the table, and gravely counted out six horseshoes and sixty-one nails. Their correctness was vouched for by the remembrancer announcing "Good number." The horseshoes, the nails and the fagots are now the property of the queen.

A Victory for the Fried Onion.

The aldermen of the great city of London are not above the consideration of trifles. Recently they spent some time discussing the odors emitted by cook shops devoted to the frying of onions. It was decided that while such establishments were distinctly objectionable to the olfactory nerve, the pungent smells produced no insanitary effect. So the fried onion left the Guildhall "without a stain on its character."

The Decline of "Robinson Crusoe."

The schoolboy of today, it is said, is rather bored than otherwise by a perusal of "Robinson Crusoe." M. Jules Simon declares that the Nineteenth century lad wants his novels either bloodthirsty or sentimental. This taste "Robinson Crusoe" fails to gratify. It has no heroine, and the bloodshed in its pages is but a thimbleful compared with the gallons of gore poured out by the pens of modern romancers.

It is rather curious that while nearly all other countries are raising barriers against imports England is steadily reducing hers. She has agreed to abolish the restrictions on American live cattle, originally imposed as a protection against pleuro-pneumonia.

A ROMANCE IN YELLOW.

LOVE AND WAR ASSOCIATED WITH THE ORANGE AND LEMON.

The Golden Apples of Venus None Too Good for Common Food in These Later Days—Famous People Who Have Tasted the Fruit.

The orange and the lemon are first cousins. Both belong to the citron family, and each in its way is unrivaled. Nearly all the year round one or the other may be seen in the market. Piled high on stands at the street corners they tempt the passer by, and enliven with the brightness of their hue the otherwise dingy aspect of busy thoroughfares.

A STREET VENDER'S STAND.

Possibly the orange was the "apple of discord" awarded by Paris to Venus, and perhaps, too, the golden talismans with which the Goddess of Love armed Milanion, that he might win the race from Atalanta, were also plucked from the splendid and prolific Indian tree. This, however, is mere speculation, but there remains a sufficiency of romance, historically established, surrounding the orange and lemon to give them the foremost place among the fruits known to mankind. Both are natives of India, and from that mystic and ancient land their cultivation has spread to other climes, always under novel and interesting conditions.

The lemon was a favorite with the Arabs in the days of their power and glory, and by them, as their empire spread, it was introduced into various parts of Asia and Africa. In the latter part of the Twelfth century Richard the Lion Hearted, of England, with Philip of France, headed the third crusade for the rescue of the Holy Land from the dominance of the Saracen. At the siege of Acre a wounded knight in the English monarch's train called for water, but none was to be had. A native pressed to his lips a "straynge frutte," whose cooling juices eased his thirst. The knight recovered, and returning home from that losing but glorious campaign carried with him the seeds of a lemon. Stopping en route at Naples he gave them to an Italian friend, who planted them on his estate. They grew and flourished, and from thenceforward western civilization knew the virtues and the value of the acid fruit.

NELL GWYNNE.

Meanwhile the orange was traveling toward Europe by another route. As in the case of the lemon its spread was due to the Arabs. They covered Syria and Persia with dark green groves, and as the seemingly irresistible wave of their martial progress advanced toward the pillars of Hercules scattered the seeds of the yellow fruit on the fair and fertile plains of Italy, Sicily and Spain. They called it "narang," and they cultivated it more for its beauty than for its qualities as a table delicacy, for the juice and pulp had a bitter taste. The sweet orange was brought to Europe from southern China by the Portuguese in 1548, and was known as apfelsina, or the apple of China.

So in the Middle Ages the lemon and orange spread the fragrance of their flowers throughout the civilized world. They bloomed in fair Florence, where Lorenzo the Magnificent ruled and Boccaccio wrote his wondrous tales, and through their leaves the scented breezes sought the gardens and fountains of the famed Alhambra. Then across strange seas, in care of the hardy mariners of Spain and Portugal, they came to the New World discovered by Columbus, and in Florida and the Brazils as well as the Cuban isle got fresh foothold and throve as vigorously as in their far off Indian home. Everywhere they became the fashion as the years went by. In the days of his power and supremacy Cardinal Wolsey used an orange as a pomander. Throngs sought the powerful priest at his palace of Whitehall to secure his favor or appease his wrath, and he, so the old chronicle runs, would enter the crowded audience chamber "holding in his hand a very fair orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar and other confections against the pestilent airs, the which he most commonly smelt unto passing among the press, or else he was pestered with many suitors."

WREATHED FOR HER WEDDING.

Proud, pitiful Wolsey! One hour the practical master of a kingdom and careful of any contact with the "base herd," the next toppled over, ruined, disgraced, without a home or friend! As the minister of Henry VIII he directed the glittering pageant of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, as a broken old man he died neglected in the monastery of Leicester.

At a later date the orange figures in a romance of English history equally scandalous, but less tragic. The Restoration had brought the loose living Charles II to his own, and among those who welcomed his return to London was a pretty girl of 10 who sold oranges at the theatres. She was poor, obscure, unknown; he was the ruler of a realm, yet seven years afterward the two were on terms of intimacy, and whoever wanted a favor from "Old Rowley," as the monarch was called, had to secure the support of Mme. Nelly Gwynne. In those seven years she had passed from the pit to the footlights and charmed the town with her acting. Then "the king sent for Nelly," and her histrionic triumphs were at an end. It is of her early struggles for a livelihood that Lord Rochester sang:

> But first the basket her fair arm did suit,
> Laden with pippins and Hesperian fruit;
> This first step raised, to the wandering pit she sold
> The lovely fruit, smiling with coat of gold.

The orange girl did not abuse the power obtained by her doubtful elevation. She was a popular favorite of whom a poet of the time wrote:

> All hearts fall a-leaping wherever she comes,
> And beat night and day like my Lord Craven's drums.

To her is due the founding of the great Greenwich hospital, and from her descends the ducal house of St. Albans.

Rather more than a century ago some curious and close observer of London existence published a pamphlet entitled, "Low Life; or, One Half the World Knows Not How the Other Half Lives." A passage which has to do with the subject under consideration reads:

> The wives of genteel mechanics, under pretense of going to prayers in their apartment, take a nap and a dram, after which they chew lemon peel to prevent being smelt.

As every one knows the orange flower wreath, of charming fragrance and pure whiteness, is an essential in the costuming of the bride whose wealth and social position demand the display of a public wedding, but the fact may have been less observed that all the lands where the orange and the lemon grow are lands of romance and adventure. Mention India, and the mind reverts to tales of valor extending over the vast stretch of time intervening between the conquests of Alexander and the last despairing stand made against the British invader by the heroic "Lion of the Punjaub." Asia conjures up visions of the Caliphs and the Crusaders, of Haroun al Raschid and Saladin the invincible, while over northern Africa and southern Europe spreads the unfading memory of the wise, valiant and learned Moors. Brazil is linked with the name of Columbus, and in Florida Ponce de Leon sought the fountain of youth, while the name of California is inseparably associated with the far off, indistinct, yet musical chime of the mission bells that called the Indian convert to prayer and summoned home the flocks, ere the fierce rush for gold swept away the peaceful cloisters on the heights or by the Pacific's waves.

FRED C. DAYTON.

A KANSAS CITY WEDDING.

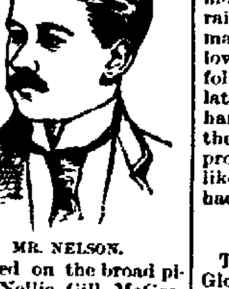
It United Two Pioneer Families—Brilliant Scenes at the Reception.

A wedding, with all the ceremony and eclat that the most romantic maiden's heart could desire, was celebrated recently at Kansas City. Both the bride and the groom belong to old and well known pioneer families, and the occasion of their union was made a festival.

The wedding took place in church, before an altar banked with flowers and plants, and in the presence of a gathering of richly dressed people that filled the space completely. A large choir sang the wedding march from "Lohengrin," the wide doors flew open and the bridal party entered down the several aisles. Ten bridesmaids and groomsmen were in attendance, and formed a circle around the altar.

After the wedding a brilliant reception, to which 300 guests were invited, was held at the home of the bride's parents. Here again there was a wealth of flowers, rich toilets and music. An elaborate dinner was served to the guests in a temporary dining room constructed on the broad piazza. The bride, Miss Nellie Gill McGee, is 20 years old, educated and accomplished, and a pretty brunette. The happy man, William Wallace Nelson, is 26 years of age, a lawyer, and will inherit great wealth. The father of the bride, Allen McGee, was a fur trader, and had intimate business relations with John Jacob Astor and Commodore Vanderbilt.

MRS. NELSON.



MR. NELSON.

Notes About Austrian Women.

Aloysia Kirschner, or Schubin, under which pseudonym she is known the world over, is the best of living Austrian female authors. She is still young, but of a serious disposition. She has seen much of the world. Her writings, too, show great penetration and profound study of the human mind. Although original in her conceptions, she has adopted the style and manners of Turgenieff and the modern French school. Her clearly cut features denote at once force and delicacy, and her whole appearance is most attractive.

Philippine Welser was not only a woman of intellect, but she also devoted herself to the noblest task of a wife—to be a good mother and a good housekeeper. She even wrote a book about cooking, "De re coquinaria," which still exists.

It is hard to tell whether Austrian ladies now are as experienced in the kitchen as they are in the drawing room. If judged by the empress of Austria they are, for that lady combines many acquirements in her person, even fencing and acrobatics. But the fact that they live in an era in which the most exquisite dishes will soon become a question of mere chemical preparation may excuse and absolve them fully if they are not.

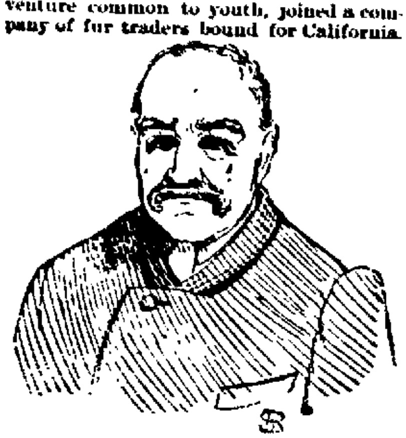
THE FIRST HOUSE IN FRISCO.

It Was Built by Jacob P. Leece, Who Is Still Alive.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

Considering the magnitude and importance of San Francisco it is a remarkable fact that the builder of its first house is numbered among the city's present inhabitants.

Born in St. Clairsville, O., in 1809, of German parentage, at the age of 20 Jacob Primer Leece, impelled by the love of adventure common to youth, joined a company of fur traders bound for California.

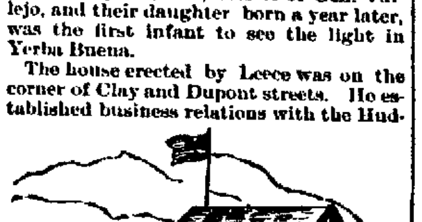


JACOB P. LEECE.

They arrived on the coast at Los Angeles in 1833, and suffered so from scarcity of provisions that they had to slaughter and eat their dogs before reaching the flocks and herds that enriched the mission of San Gabriel.

In 1836 Leece settled at Yerba Buena, the village that formed the germ of San Francisco, and, bringing lumber from Monterey, erected the first house there, close to a tent occupied by Capt. Richardson, who commanded a trading schooner. He was the first inhabitant. The Fourth of July was celebrated at the tent and the shanty with lavish hospitality. Mr. Leece completed his residence that morning. Meantime his friend and neighbor, Capt. Richardson made a trip to Sonoma, to invite prominent persons there, among them Gen. Vallejo, the Castros and Martinez, with the chief residents at the mission, in all about sixty, to a housewarming and the first celebration in California of the glorious Fourth. The festivities lasted all night and through the next day, only terminating on the evening of the 5th. Mr. Leece married April 1, 1837, a sister of Gen. Vallejo, and their daughter born a year later, was the first infant to see the light in Yerba Buena.

The house erected by Leece was on the corner of Clay and Dupont streets. He established business relations with the Hudson Bay company, having partners at Monterey, and traded with China. He also held a commission in the army under Col. Baker, and spent some time in Alaska as agent of the Russian Fur company. For the first fifteen years of its existence, Mr. Leece says, San Francisco only extended from Montgomery to Dupont, and Clay to Market streets, at the beginning of the gold fever having but thirty houses.



LEECE'S HOUSE AND RICHARDSON'S TENT.

The subject of this sketch is a finely built man, in good preservation. He declares that he never had a day's sickness, though he has met with many accidents, one occurring during the past summer, when he was knocked down on the street by horses. His right eye also has suffered from sunstroke. He has four daughters and three sons, most of whom are at Monterey. The old gentleman lives at St. Luke's hospital, San Francisco, where he is known as the "Colonel." He was born in the Catholic faith and has always been a Republican. In 1841 he sold his house at Yerba Buena to the Hudson Bay company and moved to Sonoma.

At the writer's last interview the veteran, though not so well as usual, said he felt good for eight or ten years longer. His life was a happy one, and he did not want to lose it. He had just received an invitation to reside at the Old People's Home, the beautiful new building erected and endowed by Mrs. Crocker.

E. S. RYDER.

Man an Imitative Animal.

"People are like sheep," declared a student of human nature to a companion on a Hudson river boat the other day. "Watch me, and see." The sky was cloudy, and most of the passengers had umbrellas. No rain was falling, but when the person who made the slighting assertion about his fellows hoisted an umbrella the example was followed by every one in sight. A moment later the "leader of the flock" held out his hand, apparently became satisfied that there was no shower and closed his storm protector. All his fellow travelers did likewise. The student of human nature had proved his assertion.

Gloucester's Youngest Matron.

The youngest matron in the town of Gloucester, Mass., is Mrs. Mary Brown, who became a wife recently at the age of 13. She is a pretty Portuguese girl, about 5 feet 3 inches tall, and weighing less than 100 pounds. She has a fine olive complexion, and great dark eyes. Her husband, Albert Brown, also a Portuguese, is a manly looking fellow of 28, who earns his living as a fisherman. The honeymoon was of the briefest, as Brown had to leave soon after the wedding for a trip to the Banks on the schooner Hattie E. Worcester. Meanwhile the bride awaits his return at the home of her mother, Mrs. Grear.

MRS. MARY BROWN.

The old lady remarked the other day: "It seems too early for her to get married, but what could I do? Brown boarded here for two years and they liked each other. Evidently Mrs. Grear heartily approved of the match, for it was she who procured the marriage license.

Brazil's Ex-Emperor.

Dom Pedro, the ex-emperor of Brazil, who is now at Versailles, spends his time in picture galleries when not studying Sanskrit and Hebrew. The desolate old man's physicians will not allow him to visit Paris, as they fear the effect upon his feeble health of a sojourn in the French capital.

CONSUMPTION;

IN its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Even in the later periods of that disease, the cough is wonderfully relieved by this medicine.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."—A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middleton, Tennessee.

"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me, but advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."—James Birchard, Darien, Conn.

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."—J. B. Chandler, Junction, Va.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

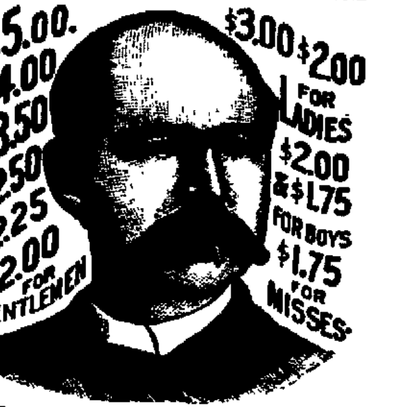
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

CAUTION W. L. Douglas Shoes are warranted, and every pair has his name and price stamped on bottom.



W. L. DOUGLAS

$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Fine Calf and Laced Waterproof Grain.

The excellence and wearing qualities of this shoe cannot be better shown than by the strong endorsements of its thousands of constant wearers.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress Shoe which commends itself.

$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt. A fine calf Shoe unequalled for style and durability.

$3.50 Goodyear Welt is the standard dress Shoe, at a popular price.

$3.50 Policeman's Shoe is especially adapted for railroad men, farmers, etc.

All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

$3 & $2 SHOES FOR LADIES,

have been most favorably received since introduced and the recent improvements make them superior to any shoes sold at these prices.

Ask your Dealer, and if he cannot supply you send direct to factory enclosing advertised price, or a postal for order blanks.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

SOLD BY

J. E. RHOADS

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT WITH SUSPENSORY FOR WEAK MEN

DEBILITATED through DISCRETIONS or EXCESSES. WE GUARANTEE to CURE by this New IMPROVED ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY or REFUND MONEY. Made for this specific purpose. Cure of Generative Weakness, giving Freely, Mild, Soothing, Continuous Currents of Electricity through all WEAK PARTS, restoring them to HEALTH and VIGOROUS STRENGTH. Electric Current Felt Instantly, or we forfeit $5,000 in cash. BELT and Suspensory Complete $5, and up. Worst cases Permanently Cured in three months. Sealed pamphlet Free.

SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 819 Broadway, New York.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address,

Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.

Mf'd only by The Evans Chemical Co. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women.

I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers.

A. J. STONER, M.D., Decatur, Ill.

Sold by Druggists.

PRICE $1.00.

The Marion Daily Star.

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—BY—
W. G. HARDING.

TERMS:
Delivered by Carrier.....10 Cts per Week.
By Mail, ...$4 per Year, in Advance.

EIGHT PAGES.

SATURDAY, - - - - NOVEMBER 15

THERE are many republicans still telling how it was done. The reasons are quite as various as the persons who explain. The thing for republicans to do is to quietly lay low and wait for another whack at the polls. The victorious democrats are the ones to talk just now.

THE following paragraph from the Urbana Citizen is very appropriate here. There is much relief work to do in Marion and there is the satisfaction of knowing that the societies handle their funds wisely, but few dollars going into undeserving hands. It should be read and remembered:

While we are doing what we can for the poor and distressed of other cities, states and nations we should not forget the poor of our own fair city. "The poor you have with you always."

THE Herald congratulates Bro. Beebe of the Mt. Gilead Register, on the election of a democratic sheriff in Morrow county. It gives the Register a whack at the sheriff's advertising.—Delaware Herald.

To appreciate fully the congratulation above it should be remembered that the Delaware democracy came within six votes of placing the sheriff's sales on Bro. Newcomer's editorial desk. So near and yet so far.

THERE is a polite newspaper opposition current to the publication of cards of thanks by relatives of a deceased person. It is generally conceded that they are decidedly not the proper thing. Those who wish to express their gratitude especially should do it by private letter and avoid the unnecessary publicity. The public expression of thanks is certainly unnecessary. Friends who extend aid in affliction know that they are fully thanked without an expression in print. Though the STAR has never refused free publication of such cards it has ever held them to be out of place, and believes those who stop to think of the matter will reach a like conclusion.

To Postoffice Subscribers.

By the heading we mean those who get the DAILY STAR through the postoffice. Under the free delivery system a daily paper cannot be delivered by postal carriers without our paying one cent postage on each copy. That means $3.13 per year out of each subscription of $4.00. That, of course, we cannot afford. Those who wish the DAILY STAR delivered can have them at their homes by calling at this office and having their names transferred to our own carrier department, where the cost of both paper and delivery is but 10 cents per week. This suggestion, of a change is made to only those who get the STAR through the postoffice and are having their mail delivered.

An Echo of the Thurman Banquet

The following story of the Thurman banquet, which is of local interest and came to the ears of the STAR through one who was there

After attending the Cleveland reception, the democratic statesman Dave Hummer, met Hon B. G. Young, who had not been there

"Well, Young, have you met him yet?"

"No."

"When I was announced as Mr Hummer, of Marion, Grover grasped my hand and said: 'From Marion? From the home of Boston G. Young? How is Boston?'"

Bible Society Meeting.

The American Bible Society will meet at the Presbyterian church tomorrow evening at 7 o'clock, in consequence of which several churches will suspend service and unite in the exercises. The annual election of officers will be held for the coming year and other business of interest transacted. A cordial invitation is extended to the public. [illegible]

The First Symptoms of Death.

Tired feeling, dull headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, feverishness, pimples or sores, are all positive evidence of poisoned blood. No matter how it became poisoned it must be purified to avoid death. Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir has never failed to remove scrofulous or syphilitic poisons. Sold under positive guarantee. Sold by H. C. H. Seiman & Co. and W. B. Foye

First Baptist Church, East Street.

Services may be expected as usual on Sunday Nov. 16. Sunday school 9:45 a. m., preaching 11 a. m. No service in the evening, on account of the Bible Society meeting at the Presbyterian church, in which all of the city churches will unite.

Krause's Headache Capsules. [illegible] many remedies, are perfectly harmless, they contain no [illegible] substances, will stop any kind of a headache, will prevent headaches caused by excessive use of food or drink late at night. Price 25 cents. For sale by all leading druggists

AMUSEMENT NOTES

Chas. Loder the German comedian in "Hilarity" last night was here before, with "Little Nugget."

Manager Sargent has recently booked for Music Hall two good shows in "The World" and "Two Johns." They were [illegible] secured through the New York [illegible] agency

Next week should be a notable one in an amusement way. On Thursday evening we are to have "Faust and Marguerite," and on Friday evening the Schubert Quartette

Tonight the third production in the city of H. H. Palmer's military drama, "Treason and Loyalty," will be given at Music Hall

The talented and beautiful actress, Miss Marie Sanders, in her grand impersonation of Marguerite, has received recognition from the best journals of the country. Miss Sanders is a truly conscientious artist, and what she does she knows how to do well. Her Marguerite is an ideal creation

Of the Schubert Quartette the Atchison (Kan.) Champion says: "The concert given by the Schubert Concert Company was without doubt the finest ever given in the city, and not only reflects great credit upon the excellent taste and judgment of the committee managing the course, but by pleasing the immense audience which filled the opera house to overflowing, gives the people of Atchison assurance that the entire course will be worthy of generous patronage." At Music Hall next Friday evening, under the auspices of the Irving-Longfellow literary course.

Chas. A. Loder's Hilarity was played to a fair sized house at Music Hall Friday night. The play proved to be what it was advertised, a creation for fun making only, and the audience was very hilarious at times. There was fun throughout, though all things were not exceedingly new, and those present laughed themseves to satisfaction. The singing pleased throughout

Kenton must be out of luck in an amusement way. Kelly's Expectations played there Friday night.

On next Monday night there will be a grand costume recital at Music Hall, by Miss Olive Thompson, of New York. Miss Thompson is one of America's greatest character impersonators and appears, with her elegant costumes, in many bright and humorous recitations. The entertainment is to be given under the auspices of the W. R. C., and it is hoped there will be a crowded house. The price of admission will be 25 cents.

"Treason and Loyalty" drew a large house at Prospect last night, and everybody was well pleased with the performance. The boys were treated quite royally on their visit.

Caledonia.

Old Sol's rays have blessed us for two days this week; the weather appears to be settled, and we sincerely hope it has.

Our news sack is very much shrunken this week, caused by too much wet weather in the past.

Mr. Orr, our miller, visited his home in Southern Ohio last Saturday, returning Monday with his wife. He will make this his home for a season.

James Ballenger, Jr., of Lima, was called home to attend the funeral of his uncle. On entering the house, his father gave him a chair and it was some time before he recognized him. He is engaged in the boiler works at Chicago.

Insulting and abusive language raised W. S. Ramer's "Irish" last Monday and he proceeded to pummel the rough who used it. From all accounts, Ramer was justified in doing what he did.

Death has again been in our midst, and taken Thomas Dowling from us. He was 72 years of age and was generally respected. His funeral was conducted by the Catholic church, of which he was a member.

The Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist church, at their last meeting, decided to give a widow lady in need in our village a sack of flour, besides each member carried [illegible] of [illegible] the line of potatoes, [illegible] [illegible] departure [illegible] the town, [illegible] [illegible]

Quite [illegible] the old guns and [illegible] called into requisition [illegible] or any great shooting [illegible]

M. F. Dence and [illegible] with several friends [illegible] K. P. [illegible] this place, went to Marseilles last Tuesday [illegible] tainment [illegible] [illegible] Nov. 14.

Probable Engagement.

[illegible]

Simply a Matter of Sex.

[illegible]

The Picture's Darker Side

[illegible] the bowels will [illegible]

STRANGE TALES

Iowa physicians are interested in a dropsical patient who has been tapped 141 times and goes about the house on duties notwithstanding

At Holly Springs, Ga., a dog fell into a well and stayed there fourteen days before his owner found him. He was taken out and is doing well

Charles Youngberg, of Clinton, Ia., fell from his wagon on to some sawdust, a distance of two feet, breaking his neck and causing instant death

A horse in Waterbury, Conn., is inordinately fond of pie, and often, walking to the kitchen door, refuses to leave until his appetite for the dainty is satisfied.

There is a wonderful well down near Del Norte, Colo. The force of the water brings up from the depths an occasional lump of native silver or a gold nugget

A single hair can support a weight of two ounces and it is so elastic that it may be stretched to one third of its entire length and then regain its former size and condition

A law has been promulgated at Hardanger, in Norway, to the effect that no girl shall be eligible for the marriage state until she is proficient in spinning, knitting and baking

A blind old soldier, asking for alms at a Manchester, England, church door, had a board hung round his neck inscribed as follows: "Engagements, 6; wounds, 10; children, 6, total, 24."

Chambers county, Ala., has a 12-year old negro girl who has been gradually turning white for the past five years. The doctors say she has leucopathia, an acquired nonhereditary skin disease.

Many natives in India still believe that the land is governed by one Jan Kumpani Bahadur, or "Big Chief John Company," who is supposed to be the husband of her majesty the Queen Empress.

Several Japanese editors have been sentenced to four years' imprisonment with hard labor for speaking disrespectfully of the emperor Jimmu, who, if he ever existed, lived about 600 years ago.

Among the early English patents is an amusing one granted in 1682 for "a fish call, or a looking glasse for fishes in the sea, very useful for the fishers to call all kinds of fishes to their nets, speares or hooks."

Out at the Folsom prison, Oregon, there is a horse that has developed an earnest desire to eat all the red and green peppers he can get hold of. The animal behaves just like any other horse except in this particular.

At the extremity of South America is a curious sea fowl which flies only when young. As it attains maturity it loses the power of flight, and can only swim, and thus, though a bird, is no better off than a fish.

America has a lake which bears a unique distinction. It is located in the Yosemite valley and is called Mirror lake. On account of the height and sheer descent of the surrounding mountains the sun does not rise upon it until 11:30 in the morning and sets seventy-three minutes later.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Mme. Diss Debar has gone into the spook picture business again.

Ellen Terry says that an actress can get on without beauty, but she cannot possibly gain distinction without "the three great requisites: Imagination, individuality and industry."

Eighteen children have been born to Mrs. Jacoba Osterling, of Roseland, Ills., during a married life of fourteen years. She is the mother of five pairs of twins and one set of triplets

Mark Twain's mother, Mrs Jane Clemens, who died in Keokuk, Ia., recently, was in her youth noted for her beauty and vivacity, characteristics which remained with her to her death.

Miss Rachel Sherman, the general's daughter, is so well posted in politics that she is an invaluable assistant to her father in supplying him with names and dates that have grown dim in his mind.

Mrs. Ballington Booth, wife of the head of the Salvation Army in this country, conducted a marriage service in the barracks in New York recently, to witness which about 500 persons paid twenty-five cents each.

Mrs. Addison Cammack lately gave a dinner which was decorated with American Beauty roses. These roses were placed in a large silver bowl in the center of the table and after the dinner were distributed among the ladies.

Miss Bruce Price, the daughter of Bruce Price, the distinguished New York architect, is handsome and statuesque. She is very tall and stately, has soft brown eyes, lustrous brown hair, and is an unusually clever and accomplished girl.

Mrs. Fawcett, the widow of the blind postmaster general of England and mother of Miss Philippa Fawcett, who ranked above the senior wrangler at Oxford, is herself one of the best speakers in Great Britain. Mrs. Fawcett is noted as a horsewoman and mountain climber

ROYAL FLUSHES.

Spain's little king has an income of £200,- [illegible] a year.

The Prince of Wales has a collection of over 170 walking sticks.

Nearly 3,000 pounds of bread are daily eaten in the sultan of Turkey's household.

It costs the English government £2,482,000 annually to support Queen Victoria and her family

The empress of Russia, formerly the Princess Dagmar, was once one of the most noted beauties in Europe

The ex-emperor of Brazil is occupying himself chiefly with studies in Sanscrit, Hebrew, Arabic and Greek

[illegible] princess of Brazil and her [illegible] the tenants of a small villa [illegible] near Versailles.

[illegible] Empress Frederick has bought a [illegible] Luther's home, and [illegible] charitable institution

[illegible] of Waldeck Pyrmont [illegible] Prince Max [illegible] of Baden, who [illegible] will visit [illegible]

[illegible] of Turkey [illegible] diamonds [illegible] Constantinople [illegible] been asked [illegible] the czar [illegible] He has a [illegible] is a [illegible] He is said [illegible] tary

[illegible] but it has not yet been decided when his majesty is to be invested or by whom.

TURF NOTES.

It is stated that Tournament, Senator Hearst's great colt, won nearly $60,000 in stakes and purses during 1890

Byron McClelland paid O. West, Jr., $1,125 for the 3-year-old bay colt Pullman, by Glengarry—Kathleen, by Lexington

The trotting mare Pixley, by Jay Gould, started the season with no record, and, though she now has one of 2:16, she has been unable to win a single race during the season

Some mathematical turfite has figured that a horse at a 2:30 gait covers thirty-five and a quarter feet every second. When Salvator made the mile record he went at the rate of fifty-five feet a second.

N. Armstrong says that Spokane, by Hyder Ali, dam Interpose, by Intruder, who won the Kentucky Derby in 1889, will never face the starter again. Mr. Armstrong says he has been permanently retired to the stud.

Semper Fidele, perhaps the best 2-year-old in the west, has been sold for $10,000 to W. R. Letcher, of Kentucky. Semper Fidele, a bay filly by Longfellow—La Sylphide, has won five of her seven starts this year. Among these was a mile race in 1:44¼ under a double pull.

The youngest owner now on the turf is Harry Cadigan, aged 9 years, proprietor of Lord Harry. The colt only cost $250 and was a present to the lad. At a low valuation Lord Harry is worth $4,000, and he has earned this year in purses and wagers many times that amount.

A thorough examination has been made of the stallion Superior, who was reported to have been killed while being loaded on a train at Pueblo, Col., and the surgeons believe that he will recover, but will never be fit for another race. His owners claim that he could trot the kite shaped track at Independence in 2:10.

It is said that the bay stallion Pilot Knox, 2:19¾, winner of the Batch stallion race at Boston in 1885, is masquerading out west under the name of Piedmont Chief. This Maine stallion is now in his 15th year, and, although not very well up in his own class, could make considerable trouble in a field of 2:30 horses.

In a recent conversation Green B. Morris, the veteran turfman, remarked that the actual cost of keeping a stable of race horses is about $700 per year for each animal, but that does not include entrance fees, forfeit, jockeys' pay, etc. He had in 1890 ten horses in training, and says that the entire expenses of his stable reached $20,000.

Bookmakers and speculators in London are also under the ban of the authorities, according to a cable. Just prior to the running of the race for the Cambridgeshire stakes at the Newmarket-Houghton meeting the police raided the betting clubs in London. Three hundred persons, including a number of prominent citizens, were arrested.

Marcus Daly, "the copper king" of Anaconda, Mont., has purchased the most valuable consignment of young trotters that ever left Kentucky. There were three 2-year olds, including the $10,000 Lady Wilton, record 2:25; ten yearlings and three weanlings. They are by Red Wilkes, Robert McGregor, Bell Boy and Billy Wilkes. This lot of youngsters cost Mr. Daly $54,000.

J. H. Page, of Fort Kent, Aroostook county, Me., must be about the maddest man in the United States. It is said that long before the king of stallions, Nelson, attracted any attention by his speed, that now famous horse was offered to Page for $500, but the Aroostook man refused. Now Mr. Page and all his neighbors are kicking themselves for letting such a bonanza get by them.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Bismarck has started a steam dairy at his Varzin retreat.

Henry D. Macdonald, the well known financial writer, is an uncle of Rudyard Kipling.

Mr. Bullock, of Florida, who has thirteen children, has the largest family of any member of congress.

The Count of Paris thinks Sherman was the greatest because the most original general produced by our war.

Antonio de Navarro, the husband of Mary Anderson, has come into a legacy of $850,000, left him by the late Francis Dykers, of New York.

William Walter Phelps has discovered a great similarity between the tastes and manners of the Germans and those of the people of New England

Bishop Keane, president of the Catholic university in Washington, who delivered a divinity lecture at Harvard, is the first of his sect to appear under such auspices.

The Duke of Buccleuch possesses landed estates which in point of value are far the most considerable in the United Kingdom. He owns 460,000 acres, worth over £220,000 a year.

The real name of John Fiske, the historian and essayist, is Edmund Fiske Green. He changed his name when a boy, upon the death of his father and the second marriage of his mother

Edward Everett Hale, the Boston preacher, is 70 years old. He preaches, edits a magazine and a weekly newspaper [illegible] dips into politics and is president of innumerable societies.

The "Napoleon of tract distributers," Mr. Charles Watson, of Halifax, England, has just died. He worked for temperance only and for more than forty years scattered tracts gratuitously

John Hackley, who has given a $100,000 library building to Muskegon, Mich., worked his way from Baltimore to that city twenty years ago, a poor boy, on a lumber vessel. He made a fortune in lumber

Baron Nordenskjold, the Norwegian Arctic explorer, is sanguine of the success of the projected expedition to the North Pole. He believes the discovery of the Pole may furnish the key to many unsolved problems.

John Adams, a Chicago car driver, is worth $5,000. He has been working for the same company—the North Side—about fifteen years, and is said by the company to be as honest as the day is long. He is unmarried

J. Elfreth Watkins, curator of the division of transportation at the National Museum in the Smithsonian Institution, says he would not be surprised if within ten years aerial navigation should be a [illegible] plished fact

Congressman McK[illegible] [illegible] of his pastor [illegible] He at [illegible] ally [illegible] a great [illegible] and seems to enjoy [illegible]

Dr. Kochansky [illegible] in St. Petersburg [illegible] [illegible] poured [illegible] "Attention [illegible] you will see a [illegible] He drank the liquid, took out his watch and counted the seconds until he dropped dead.

An Old Slave's Romance

An [illegible] ninety years and a heavy burden [illegible] board the Cincinnati Mail [illegible] yesterday afternoon. Approaching the clerk of the boat she slowly untied a knot in the corner of her red bandanna handkerchief and produced [illegible] cash to purchase a deck ticket for Cincinnati. The wrinkled and feeble old negress is the heroine of a romance. In ante-bellum days she was a slave, and was owned by a planter near Asheville, N. C. At an early age she was married to a slave of the same master. By him she had several children. Over half a century ago her husband was taken from her and her children, and was sold to another planter. The woman continued to work on the North Carolina plantation, and in a short time was again married. Her whole family was then sold to a Virginia man.

When the emancipation proclamation was promulgated the family took advantage of their freedom and journeyed northward, finally taking up their home in Louisville. The husband died after the close of the war, and the children one by one left their mother to seek their fortunes elsewhere. The mother toiled and labored to make a livelihood. She heard nothing of her first husband until about a month ago, when one of her sons found that the old man was living in Newport, Ky. The old negress journeyed thither and found the husband of her youth. He had also been married the second time, and had several children by the second wife. The latter was dead, however, and the reunited couple decided to again live together. The woman returned to Louisville, disposed of her effects, and yesterday afternoon completed the romance of fifty years by returning to her husband.—Louisville Post.

The Dangers of Railroading.

"There is no branch of railroading that is safe," is a saying among men who make their living on the iron rails, and a man's long service and skillful knowledge do not throw absolute safeguards about him. Poor Martin Ryan, who had the science of railroading down to the finest notch, was killed by his own train after eighteen years of service. Hubert Graham, a yard man of Richmond, who worked for the Pennsylvania company twenty-five years, was struck by a pony engine a few days ago. Samuel Morgan's body was brought here last night. Morgan was an engineer on the Jeffersonville, Madison and Indianapolis for thirty years. Advancing age incapacitated him from running an engine, and he was given charge of a water station at Marshfield, near Scottsburg. Night before last he was run down by a freight train and killed. "Did you notice that six out of ten railroad men die violent deaths if they continue in the business?" said a conductor last evening. "If they don't it's because they leave the railroad service."—Indianapolis News.

Tokens of Esteem for the Pope.

The sisters of Notre Dame convent, at Cincinnati, are sending to Rome for presentation to the pope a white vellum manuscript of fifty pages, elaborately illuminated and bound in covers, with designs by one of the nuns. The pages are painted by seven sisters chosen for the purpose from the thirty-seven houses of the order in the United States. There are three addresses—one to Leo XIII, one to Cardinal Gibbons and a third to Archbishop Elder, a portrait accompanying each dedication. There is a sketch of the American branch of the order since its foundation in 1840, a poem by a nun, with illustrations; views of the mother house at Namur, Belgium, and of the Ohio house, bits of landscape and decorative fancies.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Fourteen Cents Capital.

The possession of how much money does it require to save a man from the charge of being a pauper? Lately a ship load of 525 Italians was landed at New York city, and the cash capital they brought with them averaged just fourteen cents each. A man in a strange land and unacquainted with the language of the country, who possesses fourteen cents, may not be a pauper, but, unless he is willing to work and hustles to secure employment, he is likely to become one very shortly after his arrival.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Her Trial.

Mrs. Bingo—What do you expect to give your husband for Christmas?

Mrs. Honeymoon—I told him the other day I thought I should give him some neckties.

Mrs. Bingo—And I heard him tell my husband afterward that he wouldn't wear them.

Mrs. Honeymoon—That's the worst of it. John thinks so much of the things I give him, and is so careful of them, that I have the hardest kind of work to get them on him.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Unlucky Number Nineteen.

A peculiar coincidence connected with the last primary for the legislature has just come to light. It will be remembered that Mr. Cobb was defeated by nineteen votes. Since then it has been remembered that his father was defeated by nineteen votes and his grandfather by the same number. We do not know whether Mr. Cobb is twice 19 years old, but [illegible] the coincidence he ought to be.—Athens Ga. Banner.

A Light Voter.

Deer Isle claims the "lightest" voter at the last election—John O. Robbins, who weighs but 29 pounds. Owing to his diminutive size Robbins was lifted to the ballot box by Mr. J. W. Green, and much interest was manifested in the little fellow's movements. He is 25 years old.—Portland Me. Press.

In the Luray Caverns.

The Guide—This is the Giants' chamber.

Mr. Sportsteple—You ought to see their quarters up at the Polo grounds in New York!—Puck.

[illegible] Pumpkins.

"Ju[illegible] [illegible] said the keeper [illegible] in C[illegible] party [illegible] with a [illegible] is the [illegible] for ten days past. But [illegible] called to boys [illegible] want [illegible] The comp[illegible] many [illegible] to meet their motion."

"What do they do with them?"

"Count the seeds. There is a perfect craze over it. Nearly every lady who comes along here doing her shopping [illegible] keting says, 'Send me up a pumpkin, a large one; my little boy wants to count the seeds.'

"I thought at first it was jack-o'-lanterns they wanted them for, such as we used to make when I was a boy, but it seems that there is a guessing contest for a pony going on. The child guessing the nearest to the correct number of seeds in a giant pumpkin exhibited in one of their windows gets the pony, and these boys are hunting a few facts on the seed question. It isn't a bad idea, but it keeps us produce men hustling for big pumpkins."—Washington Post.

Floral Fashions.

The chrysanthemum is in the ascendant, and very soon every house, flat or room will be illumined by its splendid bloom. This is one of the effects of taking Japanese art into our bosom. We have learned the decorative lesson and profited, for it would seem a flowerless autumn were we to be deprived now of this perfect bit of natural decoration. And another floral idea has also arrived from Japan, one which bids fair to rival the more fragile creations of the greenhouse. Dwarfed trees, strange, stunted, gnome like plants, set in the artistic porcelain pots of that land of art and invention, will be used for dinner table and house decoration. Already they are employing them in London houses, and no doubt in time they will appear here, superseding the familiar rubber plants and palm, and giving that one note of vernal oddity so prized by the tasteful owner of a well composed room.—Boston Herald.

Lightning Kills Birds.

A singular story is told by a head gamekeeper in Prussian Silesia. A few weeks ago one of his under keepers found in the tract of shooting country under his charge a covey of partridges, two old birds and fifteen young ones, all lying dead. They were huddled up close together within the space of a square yard, but were too decomposed to show any reliable signs of the cause of their death. Poison was at first suspected, as the spot was close to some peasants' allotment, but a careful examination of the ground revealed the fact that the birds had been struck by lightning. The flash had struck a little mound a short distance away, and then coursed along the ground, and the grass surrounding the spot where the partridges lay had a burned and yellow appearance.—Exchange.

Money That Will Not Be Paid.

The postoffice department will not pay the $1,000 reward offered for the capture and conviction of Rube Burrow. There is a standing reward offered by the postoffice department for the capture and conviction of any one robbing the mails. This is the reward that applied to Rube Burrow. But it will not be paid because there was no conviction, nor has proof been established in court that Rube Burrow robbed the mails. The department officers know he did, but they never pay a reward without legal proof and conviction. Thus the capturers of Rube Burrow will fail to get $1,000 of the $7,500 reward on the head of the noted outlaw.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Paris Bull Ring.

The arena of the Rue Pergolese, Paris, where bull fights take place every Sunday and Wednesday, was several days ago the scene of an accident which will probably prove fatal. It was recently thought that greater interest would be given to the spectacle by the addition of negroes stimulating the bull with pointed cudgels during the fight. One of these men was so seriously gored by an infuriated bull that he was carried out of the arena and conveyed to his lodgings.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mme. Artaud, of Paris, died recently, and as not a stiver of her money could be found in the hands of her agents her heirs began a search for it in the furniture of her home. After ripping up everything they examined a plaster bust of the Venus of Milo and there was the treasure, amounting to a considerable fortune. The base of the statue was covered over underneath with oilcloth, and when the covering was removed out tumbled a choice collection of bank notes, bonds, securities and obligations.

Emperor Napoleon during the three years before Waterloo offered large rewards for the recovery of a pocketbook he had lost at the crossing of Beresina. After the lapse of more than three-quarters of a century it has been discovered in the possession of a Russian lady, who received it as a souvenir from Count Felix Ledochowsky

Veteran seamen aver that the iceberg crop of the past summer exceeded that of any previous year during the latter half of the Nineteenth century. Their theory is that the whole mountain chains of Arctic ice must have been set adrift by the unprecedented mildness of the last winter

A cap with a telephone attachment has been supplied to the Italian garrison artillery [illegible] the commanders of [illegible] detachments to communicate with [illegible] commanding the [illegible]

Prince Maximilian, nephew of the Grand Duke of Baden, will shortly be betrothed to Princess V[illegible] of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenberg, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

Height of Cruelty.

Nervous women seldom receive the sympathy they deserve. While often the picture of health, they are constantly ailing. To withhold sympathy from these unfortunates is the height of cruelty. They have a weak heart, causing shortness of breath, fluttering, pain in side, weak and hungry spells, and finally swelling of ankles, oppression, choking, smothering and dropsy. Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is just the thing for them. For their nervousness, headache, weakness, etc., his Restorative Nervine is unequaled. Fine treatise on "Heart and Nervous Diseases" and marvelous testimonials free. Sold and guaranteed by Denison & Co., and Hoberman & Co.

Gen. Daniel Butterfield always gives his wife in conversation the old fashioned, old country title of "Lady." Mrs. Butterfield is always mentioned by him and addressed by him as Lady Butterfield.

Catarrh, Hay or Rose Fever.

The cleansing, soothing and healing properties of Darbys Prophylactic Fluid are unexcelled in the treatment and cure of catarrh and kindred complaints. The fluid softens and heals the inflamed membranes and removes the offensive odor that characterizes the disease. Should the inflammation have reached the throat use the fluid as a gargle to allay the inflammation and to disinfect.

The Weather.

Fair weather followed by light rain in western Ohio, slightly warmer; winds becoming southerly

$500 Reward.

For any trace of Antipyrine, Morphine, Chloral or any other injurious compound in Krause's Headache Capsules.

Two Gravel Trains Collide.

BUFFALO, Nov. 15.—A collision occurred between two gravel trains Saturday [illegible] on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad, at East Buffalo. John Swinbosky, a [illegible] was instantly killed. John W[illegible] a young Polack, and John Ko[illegible] were fatally injured, and six others, names unknown, are badly injured. The wreck was caused by a misunderstanding of signals. The injured men were taken to the emergency hospital

There is no more fruitful source of disease than vitiated blood. It involves every organ and function of the body, and if not immediately corrected by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, sooner or later leads to fatal results. Be warned in time.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

LEADING OPTICIAN
—OF—
CENTRAL OHIO.

DR. B. MINCER, the Eminent Optician, has settled here permanently, having rented a room in Hotel Marion Block, East Center Street, and opened a line of Optical goods that is equal to any city establishment. With 36 years of practical experience, during which time thousands have been perfectly fitted with glasses, and, with a perfect stock of goods at hand, Dr. Mincer is prepared to fit your eyes perfectly.

Gold Frame Spectacles at from $3 to $20, and Steel, Rubber and Silver Framed Glasses at from 50c to $12, the prices depending on the Lenses. All glasses fitted without instrumental test, and the eyes are not tired out with repeated trials, but glasses fitted at once, where fitting is at all possible. Parties needing glasses are invited to call whether they buy or not.

GOOD, - DRY.
Second-Growth
ASH
STOVEWOOD
—FOR—
$1.50 Per Load!
—AT—
Prendergasts'.

REDUCED PRICES!
The display of Frames in our show window are offered at greatly reduced prices—positive bargains.
VAIL, THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

SAY!

You who want Men's Wearing Apparel lend us your ears, as Mark Antony would say. For Men's Clothing, from a Collar to an Overcoat, or a pair of Socks to a Plug Hat, we are the great house in Marion. We say this in all candor. We have Ready-made Clothing for Boys, Youths and Men, for Business Men and Professional Men; and, for those who want Tailor-made goods, we have our own splendid Merchant Tailoring Department. See us for your Underwear; we can do you good. No special sale or catch prices, but rich and happy bargains day after day. But see us; talk isn't as low priced as our Underwear, not in an advertisement.

ECKHART.

CUNNINGHAM & STOWE,

Want you to inspect their

Gas Fixtures, Globes and Coal Oil Lamps.

They are agents for the celebrated

Van Wie Gas Stoves.

Safety Library or Student Lamps,

ONLY THREE DOLLARS!

Sanitary Plumbing and Gas Fitting. The finest display of

Marble Wash Stands and Tank Closets

In the State, outside of Cleveland and Cincinnati, at

226 EAST CENTER ST.

A Site for the Fair

Has been the interesting theme discussed by thousands in the past few months. I wish to interest you in a discussion. "The Site for the Fair," meaning, of course, the Ladies of Marion, is the Delightful Display of New Styles in

LADIES' FOOTWEAR

Now on view at our store. I can fit any foot, furnish any style of Shoe and guarantee all work to be of the best. I want to

MATCH THE CHICAGO FEAT

Of winning the World's Fair by a greateer feat—winning the custom of the Fair of Marion. If I can win I can hold it by quality and prices.

JOHN H. STOLL,

SOUTH MAIN STREET, - - - - MARION, OHIO.

WILLIAMS & LEFFLER,

—THE LEADING—

Merchant Tailors,

ARE NOW SHOWING ALL THE

Novelties and Staples of the Season

—IN—

Fall and Winter Goods!

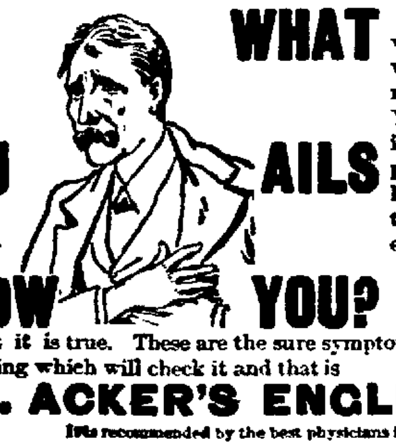
A Perfect Fit and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE STAR

VAIL

PHOTOGRAPHS AND FRAMES!

218 East Center Street.



DO WHAT YOU AILS KNOW YOU?

You feel tired—Do you know what it means? You are nervous—Why? You cough in the morning—Do you realize the cause? Your appetite is poor—What makes it so? You seem like a changed person to your friends—Do you know what is the matter, or has the change been so gradual it has escaped your notice?

You have Consumption!

We do not say this to frighten you, but it is true. These are the sure symptoms of this terrible disease. There is one thing which will check it and that is

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY.

It's recommended by the best physicians in Europe and America.
25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00 per Bottle.

W. H. HOOKER & CO., 46 West Broadway, New York.

For sale by H. C. HOBERMAN & CO. and W. B. FOYE.

FOR RENT—House of six rooms, on east Center street, to responsible parties only. S. T. Beerbower. 302-1-w

FOR RENT—House on east South street at $10 00 per month.
306mth1 GEO. D COPELAND.

FOR SALE—The Charles Smith residence property, on west Center street. Possession given immediately. Inquire of George E. Smith. 301tf

$75.00 TO $250 00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities.
B. F. JOHNSON & Co.,
2600 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

—Turney's time. 180

—Cunningham, the plumber.

—Jersey vests 25c, at Seffners'.

—Smoked halibut at Coffy & Stone's.

—Plenty of fresh oysters at Moore & Dedrick's [307t2

—Mrs. John Whitt, of East street, is quite sick.

—New canned goods of all kinds cheap at Coffy & Stone's.

—Nice Florida oranger and Malaga grapes at Coffy & Stone's. [307t5

—Extra pride of Cape Cod cranberries at Coffy & Stone's.

—We have a nice line of misses' and children's cloaks. SEFFNER BROS.

—Sweet cider 25c per gallon.
307-t3] J. W. THEW.

—C. G. Wiant left for Chicago this morning, to remain several days on business.

—Ben Merchant has been sick for the past few days, but is reported as recovering.

—Hot escalloped oysters at City Hall next Tuesday night. Also extra select deliciously fried.

—G. W. Dutton, residing on Reed avenue, is sick at his home, threatened with an attack of fever.

—King of coffees, Winslow, Rand & Watson's High Life Java and Mocha, fresh roasted at Coffy & Stone's.

—Call in and see our line of lamps before you buy. W. A. SELLERS & Co., Union Block, South Main Street.

—Underwear for men, ladies, misses, boys and children, in white and gray. Prices low. SEFFNER BROS.

—Fancy Baldwin, Greening, Northern Spy, Ben Davis and Talpahaukin apples. [307-t3] J. W. THEW.

—Ladies' winter underwear in white, gray and scarlet, varying in price from 25c to $1.50 each. SEFFNER BROS.

—Millinery at the very lowest prices at W. A. Sellers & Co.'s, Union block, south Main street. [tu-thas-297-tf

—Ladies' heavy jersey underwear, in white and gray, very nicely made, at 25c, 40c and 50c. SEFFNER BROS.

—Children's fine, all-wool, jersey under vests, which button down the front, only 50c. SEFFNER BROS.

—Take a look at the nice line of pictures and frames at W. A. Sellers & Co.'s, Union block, south Main street.

—Lovers of the luscious bivalve will find them served in every style at the supper to be given next Tuesday night by the young men.

—A. Walker, of Malta, O., of the tailoring firm of Corner, Walker & Davis, was in the city today. He stopped off on his way to Florence, Alabama.

—Winter dress goods, we have in great variety, in black, plain colors, fancy plaids and stripes, at extremely low prices. SEFFNER BROS.

—We have just received another invoice of that fine coffee. Try a pound and be convinced that there is none better grown. MOORE & DEDRICK.

—Ladies, if you wish to purchase the very best make of plush or cloth wraps at reasonable prices, give us a call.
SEFFNER BROS.

—Ladies' jackets in plush, imported cheviots and plain cloths, in latest styles and correct lengths.
308-t2 SEFFNER BROS.

—A postal from H. True, now in Ashville, N. C., states that the scenery of that part of N. C. is very beautiful and the weather permits the doors and windows to be open.

—Ladies who are interested in art embroidery and hair goods will bear in mind that Miss Scott will make an elegant display at Hotel Marion Tuesday morning and for a few days. 1t

—The members of the Gymnasium Club are urged to be present at the meeting at Bennett Hall on Monday night, Nov. 17, at 7:30. The success of the club will depend upon the attendance at this meeting.

—Delbert, the young son of James Siders residing at Big Island, died Friday night of diphtheria, at the age of 2 years and 4 months. Funeral will take place Sunday, in the Free Baptist church at Big Island, and the remains will be interred at Pleasant Hill cemetery.

—Do you know what an avoirdupois supper is? If you do not go to City Hall Tuesday evening of next week and you will be enlightened. The enterprise is to be given under the management of the young gentlemen of the Young People's Society, and will be unique and entertaining.

—Sup't Powell accomplished the task of visiting every department of the Marion Public Schools last Thursday, by starting early and driving rapidly between the various buildings. There are more than thirty schools under his superintendency and the work of visiting all and witnessing their work in one day, is a rather unusual feat. Our people have little idea of the extent of the public schools in Marion, especially since the district has been extended.

HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY

Program of the Fifth Bi-Weekly Entertainment of the Longfellow Literary Society.

After the regular opening preliminaries Miss Florence Weaver read an essay on "Tramps." Fred Langley next gave a recitation entitled "Elder Lamb's Donation." Fred recited this piece in a very able manner and kept the audience in laughter. Fred Dombaugh next addressed the audience on "Compulsory Education." Miss John Hane's oration on "Changes" was exceedingly well written and delivered.

"The Herald," edited by Miss Stella Smiley, Miss Birdie Nichols and Frank Meily, was read by Miss Smiley. The Herald's jokes were well appreciated, but we would add that it should not be so hard on the boy who lets his books lay in the library over Sunday.

Miss Clara Johnston recited "Too Late for the Train." Miss Johnston will some day make her mark as an elocutionist if the recitation should be taken as an example.

An essay on "Freedom" was next read by Miss Florence Dix.

An extempore on "New Tariff Bill" was delivered by Miss Dessie Thompson.

Miss Jennie Knowles next delivered oration on "Charity."

The subject of the debate, "Resolved that the mental faculties of males are not superior to that of females" was argued on the affirmative side by Miss Ollie Washburn and Stella Cromer, while Harry Nichols and Louis Gates defended the gentlemen. The judges not understanding the way the question was stated, decided in favor of the affirmative, the females.

Miss Daisy Potter recited a recitation "After Vacation."

Mame Layman next read an essay on "Thanksgiving Day."

Geo. B. Christian briefly addressed the audience on "Stanley."

Miss Katherine Turney closed the exercises with her oration on the "Aim of Life."

After the exercises Miss Hill, the critic, gave her report.

The young men should take heed, and don't put your hands in your pockets while addressing the High School. G. B. C.

A Lamp Explosion.

Al. Hess came near having a disastrous fire at his residence on south West street, Friday evening. One of the children had purchased a supposed can of coal oil down town, but it turned out to be gasoline. A large Rochester copper lamp was filled with the fluid and no sooner was it lighted than it exploded, bursting the lamp into smithereens. The gasoline was thrown all over the floor, and the carpet was ignited. It required several buckets of water to extinguish the flames, which was not accomplished without some damage. The children were about the lamp at the time of the explosion and it was fortunate that no one was burned.

The Assignment of Cases.

Next week promises to be an interesting one in common pleas court. The following is the assignment of cases, as made by Judge Norris:

Monday, Nov. 17, Charles Racy against the C., C., C. and I. Railway Co., for $10,000 damages.

Tuesday, Nov. 18, John McAndrews against the N. Y., L. E. and W. Railway Co., for damages.

Thursday, Nov. 20, Jacob Maag against the village of Marion for $10,000 damages.

Friday, Nov. 21, Temperance Bosh against T. P. Dodds, for breach of promise.

Patriotic Orders, Attention!

To the G. A. R., U. V. U. and Woman's Relief Corps:

The Sons of Veterans give you a special invitation to attend their war drama, at Music Hall, Saturday night. They have done you many favors, and now ask you to return the compliment. Admission only 10 and 20 cents. Turn out and help the boys.

Children Enjoy

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

Notice of a Change.

The undersigned having purchased the team and business of F. Mayer, solicits the general patronage of the residents in the Third and Fourth wards of our city.
308-t3 N. SPAULDING.

There are
many white soaps,
each
represented to be
"just as good as the Ivory."
They are not,
but like
all counterfeits,
they lack
the peculiar
and remarkable
qualities of
the genuine.
Ask for
Ivory Soap
and
insist upon having it.
'Tis sold everywhere.

SNOW-BALLS

—WILL—

SOON HIT YOU ON THE BACK!

Our advice to you would be: Do not delay, but buy your winter's supply now. Our Overcoats are melting away like the snow from a summer sun. This does not alone mean

Men's Overcoats,

But, also, Boys' and Children's. We have never been so busy before, but it is easily accounted for, as our assortment is largest and the pricest the lowest in the county. Listen to us on

UNDERWEAR!

Do not delay buying it, as the best choice can be obtained now. Our assortment from 20c, 40c, 75c and $1 was never so great and and the prices above can not be matced elsewhere.

BLUE FRONT CLOTHNIG HOUSE,

OPPOSITE HOTEL MARION,

Marion, - - - - - - - - Ohio.

FRAME & BEICHER,

Undertakers and Furniture Dealers!

We Offer During the Next 60 Days

OAK BEDROOM SUITS!

Which must and will be sold cheap. Each suit consists of 10 pieces. Call and see them and get prices.

UNDERTAKING

Our Undertaking Department is complete. All calls attended to promptly, day or night. Bodies Embalmed and prepared carefully by the latest approved methods, at reasonable prices. For conducting funerals we need no recommendations.

FISHER BLOCK, WEST CENTER STREET, MARION, OHIO.

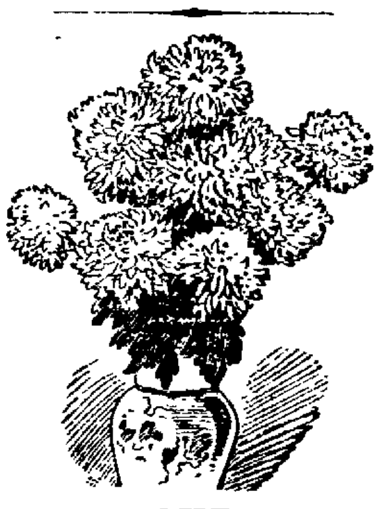
S. WILSON & SON

NURSERYMEN

—AND—

FLORISTS

Green-house and Gardens on East Center Street, corner of Greenwood.



—OUR—

NURSERY-STOCK!

Is the timely subject just now. This is the time to plant your trees. We have a stock of all the choice fruits—very desirable variety, and the young trees are good. We kdow it, because they are of our own growing and grafting, and we know they are true to name. We are right here, too, to guarantee them and make the guarantee good. We can do better for you than any agent traveling, in both prices and fruits.

We also carry a full stock of grape vines, ornamental shrubs and vines, and all the small fruits.

FLORAL - DEPARTMENT!

The capacity of our green-houses have been doubled in the past year, and our stock is doubled in extent. We have plants for decoration at all times.

CUT FLOWERS A SPECIALTY

Our design work is equal to that of any city and less in price. Floral decorations for weddings and parties supplied promptly. Orders for funerals are given especial attention.

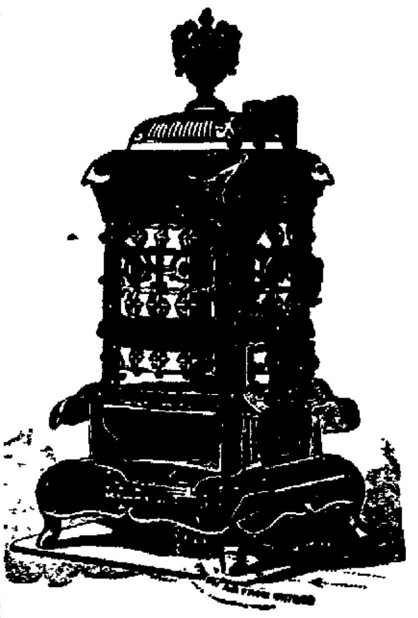
☞ Ladies should order their Bulbs for Fall planting now

Give Us Your Orders!

S. WILSON & SON.

TELEPHONE 61.

STERLING!



For a First-Class Hard Coal Baseburner get a

STERLING!

This is the most thorough Heater and Ventilator made (see hot-air circulation in cut herewith). Takes air in at the bottom, passes it through the stove and sends it out at the top heated, making it the most

POWERFUL HEATER!

Of its class. Prices right. If in want, examine this stove and see what it will do. We keep all styles of

STOVES, RANGES, FURNACES,

MANTLES AND GRATES, AND DO ALL KINDS OF SLATE AND METAL ROOFING.

ROMOSER & WREN.

No. 116—Nice corner lot on east Center s eet large old fashion size, $850.

No. 4—Nice Home on Gospel Hill, 7 good rooms hall above and below, $1600. $200 cash; $200 per year. Is that easy enough?

No. 122—$750 will buy Rev. Yale's property at College Hill; 9 rooms all complete.

No. 86—11 3-4 acres at Caledonia to exchange for Marion property.

LOOK OUT or you lose it. Lots at $125 cash, $150 on time; worth $250 cash, $350 on time.

No. 143—Fine lots on south Windsor street, high and dry, nice neighborhood.

No. 64—Good property of 5 large rooms on Boulevard, $1500.

No. 10 5 room property, west side Boulevard, with small stable, $1000.

MONEY to LOAN

On Farm and City Property by the "Perpetual Saving and Building Association, on first mortgage, at low rates of interest. Loan can be paid at option of borrower, in short or long time. No life insurance required. Apply to Chase & Hunter, agents, Marion, Ohio.

CHASE & HUNTER.

REAL ESTATE DEALERS. Up Stairs at 123 W. Center Street.

OF THE HOUSEKEEPER.

SOME SOUND COMMON SENSE FROM MRS. CARSON.

The House and Its Fittings Are Made for the Family, Not the Family for the House—Do Not Constantly Try to Finish Your Work.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

There are housekeepers and housekeepers.

There are housekeepers who keep house too much, housekeepers who keep house too little and housekeepers who do not keep house at all. There are also housekeepers who keep house for the sake of the house and housekeepers who keep house for the sake of the housekeeping. With so great a variety there must also be a wide difference of opinion as to which housekeeper is the best one.

Housekeepers of today cannot go wrong for lack of instruction. If anything they are instructed too much. They are instructed to death, so to speak, for if all the precise and detailed directions continually hurled at the head of the American housekeeper were attended to by her there would speedily be an end to any housekeeping at all. Chaos would come again to the house, and confusion, dismay and utter rout to the unfortunate people who endeavored to live in it.

Indeed, housekeepers are instructed about every part of their business and each detail of their work in such a painfully exact and particular manner that it is often impressed on the mind of the writer, who is also a housekeeper herself, that these instructors must imagine they are teaching children or idiots, or perhaps women who have recently been civilized, and to whom the ordinary articles in use in a civilized community are so novel that special tutoring in their use is required.

The great mass of the people, moreover, have made their beds and slept in them, have set their tables and eaten at them, all their lives and long before domestic journals arose to tell them how it should be done.

Instruction given through these papers is good, of course, and the writer would not decry a moderate amount of it, but has it not been carried rather to excess?

It is doubtful whether the majority of people read carefully the directions as to how to make their bed before they make it, or how to sweep their room before they go to work and do it. The women who spend their time reading the instructions and poring over the pages of the domestic papers, singularly enough, are generally those who have been taught and brought up all their lives to do these things in a neat and orderly way, and the women who do their work after a slovenly and careless fashion are not the ones likely to read, much less to follow, the teachings given by the domestic authority.

But there is a side light which can be flashed on this question of housekeepers and housekeeping that does not seem often turned on the subject. It may be broadly stated that there is too much housekeeping and too little housekeeper considered in this matter. After all, what is the housekeeping for? Why does the housekeeper dig and delve and toil and drive? Why does she rise early and go to bed late, sit up a-night to patch Johnnie's trousers and get up in the morning to give an extra sweeping to the parlor and to gain a few minutes to put up the curtains or to clear out the closets? For she does do all these things. The great majority of American women are hard working, painstaking housekeepers, who give themselves up after marriage to their homes and children in an entirely self sacrificing way. They do all this work for the father and the children that the family may be comfortable and live happily together.

Then let the housekeeper pause and consider the question as to whether she does not sometimes "housekeep" too much.

The sitting room is for the comfort and delight of the family, but if the sitting room is so fashionably furnished or even so painfully clean and orderly that the family cannot move or seat themselves on a chair without warnings to be careful not to disarrange anything, what has the housekeeper accomplished? She has made the family so uncomfortable and unhappy that it were better for them to sit in the coal cellar and that the sitting room were cast into the depths of the sea.

If her mother works early and late to embroider and bedizen Katie's new dress, so that the child may present a good appearance before other children, and when poor Katie in the new dress wishes to enjoy herself she is continually snubbed and headed off from all her pleasure that the new dress may be kept in a fine state, it were better to hang Katie's dress on a hook and display it to the company and put the child into a calico apron.

How often a mother with the best intentions will turn off the baby who tries to climb into her lap, because she is so hard at work finishing an article of clothing for him that she has no time to stop to give him love or attention! And which will do him the most good? She will hurry to make cookies or pies, or to concoct some particularly troublesome dish for dinner; or she will dust and clear up the room yet another time before night, after which the children have to sit down in careful stiffness lest they should "muss it up" again; and if this extra pains and trouble only results in unhappiness and scoldings and general discomfort for the children in shrinking out of the way whenever "mamma" appears, for fear they should be run down or chided for being there, what reward has she? Does the careless and untidy housekeeper do worse?

Do not vex your soul and ruin your temper, dear sister housekeeper, by going at a breakneck pace all the time in the everlastingly vain effort to "get through." You never can "get through"—not until you get through altogether. There always is and always will be plenty of work—just ahead. It is well to recognize the fact, and better still to look at it honestly, soberly, and in the fear of no man. Do all you can do in one day, every twenty-four hours. Don't try to do to-morrow's work too, and take time each day to make the day a pleasanter one because you are there. Small comfort to J[illegible] home that his hat and coat are finished a day sooner than you expected if the extra day's work remains forever a memory in a grieved little heart. The hat and coat may wear out and fade away.

If the housekeeper could always keep distinctly in her mind this great truth, that all the housekeeping—the cooking, the sweeping and sewing, and even the house and furniture itself—is only a means to the grand end, that it is meant only to contribute to the welfare and growth of the family, she would get hold of her life and consider her work in a more simple, direct way than many housekeepers seem to do. The family does not exist for the glorification and well being of the house, it is the house that exists for the well being of the family. If the house and furniture should burn down to-morrow the life and work would still go on, and the home could be made as happy and complete somewhere else.

This may sound as primitive teaching as is the art of bed making, but most domestic instructors have not yet turned the light of their lanterns this way, so its novelty may be its excuse to somebody.

Therefore, fellow housekeepers, as our work is all done that we and our families may live, let us resolve as we journey through our housekeeping to live by the way.

EVA LOVETT CARSON.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

A Woman Given to Flirtations, Pretty Clothes and Political Economy.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

It is a favorite theory of mine that a woman may be thoroughly womanly, beautiful, charming and artistically dressed, and yet be also strong, brave and wise, intellectually the equal of any man and deeply thoughtful on the most intricate problems of the hour. There are such, and I have a good mind to print here part of a letter I have just received from one of them, as fascinating a creature socially as ever turned the heads of men and women alike. Come to think, I will print it. The lady says: "I have just received the most flattering letter from the editor of The ——— [mentioning a publication devoted to some of the most important industrial interests in civilization]. He has seen one of my articles, and of course thinks I am a man, and so addresses me. He asks me to contribute regularly to their great trade journal on such topics as the tariff, commerce with ——, etc., subjects strictly practical and masculine. If he knew I was a small woman, given to flirtations and pretty clothes, he would not look at my articles and would promptly scorn the opinions and facts which he now deferentially requests me to air for the instruction of his readers. It fills me with childish glee to think how he is fooled. For years I've had endless fun in showing soft headed men that lack of solemnity is not lack of decision and force of character. Now I am having the even better fun of proving to a lot of rich and self conceited bigwigs that the most feminine and flirtatious of women can meet them on their own ground. I've not been studying political economy and religious history ten years for nothing. I shall tell these industrial magnates how they ought to conduct their foreign trade, and then laugh in my sleeve. * * * * The day of woman is not coming; it is here."

The widow of E. A. Pollard, the historian of the Southern Confederacy, has opended in Wall street a broker's office for the accommodation of women who deal in stocks. It is a curious fact that no woman who has opened a stock speculator's office has as yet been permanently successful. Some, like Hetty Green, have been shrewd outside buyers and made money, but so far as I know those who have opened regular offices for stock transactions have one and all lost money and quit the business. Perhaps this is, after all, a compliment to women in one way.

Women have school suffrage in seventeen states, full suffrage in Wyoming, municipal suffrage in Kansas and municipal suffrage (single women and widows) throughout England, Scotland, Canada, British Columbia, the British provinces in Australia and elsewhere.

Many persons mistake conventionality for morality, still more mistake their own prejudices for it, but it is probably left for women to mistake the wearing of corsets for morals.

In the various counties in New York state there were this fall all told twelve women candidates for school commissioner. Eight were nominated on the Democratic ticket. These were all single ladies, highly educated and mostly good looking. New York papers announced the fact of the women's candidacy with a flourish of trumpets, as though it marked a marvelous advance in the progress of women, quite unmindful of the fact [illegible] these enterprising journals had ever been aware of it—that in the west capable and splendid women have been serving as school commissioners and county superintendents for the past fifteen years or more. In some of the western states more women than men [illegible] places of county superintendent. Some of the New York papers that speak of the women school candidates are careful to mention that their nomination is in no way to be taken as a movement looking toward woman suffrage. Quite the contrary, indeed. Dear, dear!

Piano tuning is recommended as a business well adapted to women. There is nothing about it that is too heavy for them, and their quick ears are just what is wanted to correct the sounds. A Canadian woman has recently practiced successfully in this vocation. She has all the work she can do, and makes an excellent living. She adds to her income by buying and selling pianos on commission.

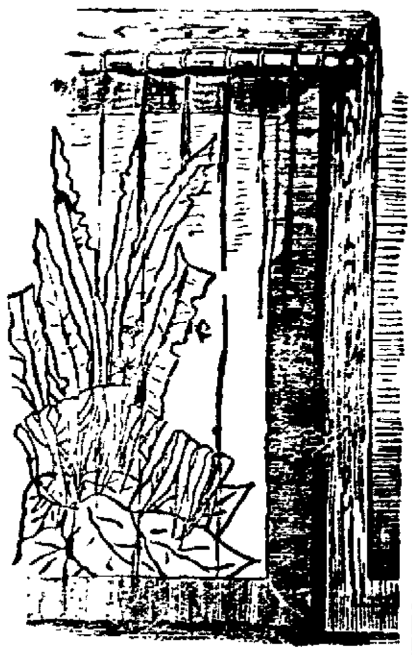
ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

A HANDSOME PORTIERE.

If one has moderate skill with the brush and needle and a degree of energy and industry to sustain it portieres or curtains of great cost in the decorative art rooms may be reproduced at home for one-fifth the price.

Silk canvas or Roman satin is the proper foundation for the portiere in the design given. This comes full width at about $3 a yard. Ivory, ecru, or pale blue are the best background tints for the green of the palms and water leaves. The border is of pale blue or russet brown plush, eight inches wide, or in proportion to the length of the curtain. There is an interlining of unbleached muslin or very light cotton flannel, and outside of this a main lining of cream tinted silesia or surah silk, as one chooses to afford.

The satin is stretched upon a standing frame or fastened against the wall, so that it may be seen as a whole. Draw the design with a light touch of chalk or pencil, in bold, free hand. One can get a study of leaves from the garden or florists in a morning or afternoon walk. When the grouping has been made the leaves are tinted with thin water color. See a circle of these proud, vigorous plants in the glow of the setting sun and the shading is easily learned. The under side of the leaf is a soft, tender green with yellow vining. A darker coloring, shading to tips of red at the curled edges, is seen in the full flat surface. The palms call for harder coloring, with sunset washes between the long dropping fingers. The sharp arrow blades standing strong and erect are uneven and jagged in outline, with dark green center lines and rich red and brown shading along the edge. Have a small piece of the sateen at hand on which to try each color before using. Get the tints properly together in the design, and the effect is startling in its beauty. The glow and flush of the sunset are felt throughout the whole work, a mere trick and illusion of color. When the tinting is done the leaves are outlined with rope silk in shades of green. This is the easiest part of the work. When all is done dampen on the wrong side and stretch tightly, as in doing a lace curtain. Let it remain until quite dry. When bordered with plush and neatly finished this curtain seems almost a bit of tapestry, catching the sheen of sunlight from the open window, or lending a mellowness to the shadows of some darker corner.



THE PORTIERE.

EMMA MOFFETT TYNG.

The Fashions of Paris.

The autumn season is now at its height in Paris, and the array of beautiful costumes is bewildering in color and form. On fine, warm days the streets are filled with ladies walking to show their new robes and wraps. The prettiest thing seen this week is a long wrap that is so near like a dress that it can be called that as well as wrap. It is of the thick gray fleecy wool, with an enormous flower pattern on it of magnified roses shading from soft brown to orange red. It is cut princesse shape, with fan plaits in the back, and in front it is turned back with a revers of embroidered faille, and a very graceful drapery is made in front by a crescent pin of dull gold. A tiny brown and red bonnet is worn with this, trimmed with amber and jet beads. This is quite warm enough for all but very cold days, when a small shoulder cape of fur is worn.

ELEGANT AND NOVEL WRAPS.

The other wrap in the illustration is for a young lady—young ladies in Paris dress very plainly—and it is of a [illegible] owing all its beauty to its [illegible] folds and extreme simplicity. The [illegible] collar and belt are of plush [illegible]. A bolero hat is [illegible] gray plush with two crimson [illegible] on the side.

It [illegible] capes that are now so fashionable are made of several kinds of fur in each garment. The high Medici collar is a favorite, and is usually of a different kind of fur from the rest of the cape.

NYE WADES IN BLOOD.

A VISIT TO CHICAGO STOCK YARDS SUGGESTS SOME THOUGHTS.

All Honest Work Is Honorable, from Literature to Dressed Beef—Hogs and Their Interior Mechanism—Some Secrets of a Gory Business.

[Copyright, 1890, by Edgar W. Nye.]

Everything regarding Chicago will be doubly interesting to the general public for the next two or three years, and it is therefore natural that the varied features of the young giant should be more or less discussed both at home and abroad. That is just what Chicago wants. That suits her. That is what she puts her various millions into an exposition for. (I should have referred to her as a giantess above instead of a giant, for I see that I have fallen into the feminine pronoun since. However, we will let that pass.)

IN THE ABATTOIR.

The stranger should go at once from the depot to the Auditorium. He will save time by this, for then he can answer those who ask him if he has seen the Auditorium and answer affirmatively, and be done with it; but if he should wait until he has done something else he will be more or less broken in upon by this inquiry. Later on I may speak of this great structure with the unfortunate name, but I shall not have space at this time, owing to the fact that I purpose speaking a word or two regarding the stock yards.

All sorts of honest and successful industry are honorable, whether it be through the avenue of literature or dressed beef. Success is the mark of public approval, and continued success the certificate of integrity. It was honorable for Gen. Grant to canvass for a book or tan skins. It was honorable for Vanderbilt to farm it or run a ferry. It was honorable for Gould to survey Delaware county with a wheelbarrow and a fine tooth comb. It was honorable for the older Astor to skin muskrats and swap brass collar buttons to the Indians for beaver skins if the noble red man suffered for collar buttons. What I dislike is for the descendant of Mr. Astor to cultivate such a big robust and malignant case of hauteur. He visited Chicago some time ago and stated in an interview, which he had arranged for as soon as he could attend to it, that the people of Chicago frequently sat on the front steps and that visitors were met at the door by the housemaid. Thereby covertly intimating that Mr. Astor is in the habit of answering the door himself.

Possibly, however, Mr. Astor keeps a man who answers the door bell and does nothing else hardly. That may be, but it is only a few brief autumns since the brave and sturdy mother of the Astor race came around from the spring house to greet the guest in her stocking feet, and the greeting was none the less cordial eyether for a' that and a' that. We should not be held responsible for the errors and acquired snobbery of our grandchildren. From the deep recesses of the unborn future there may come some day a great-grandchild who will inherit my wealth and name, and while I squirm about in my close fitting tomb he may have a valet to dress him in the morning and train up his whiskers on a trellis, and he may visit Chicago where his ancestors had been so generously and so hospitably treated years before, and when he goes home to England or Tuxedo he may send for a reporter and tell him how his refined nature was shocked all the time he was away.

Glancing hastily from Mr. Astor to the Chicago stock yards, I will say that few realize, or can do so, the magnitude of this one institution of Chicago. We can hardly imagine 1,280 acres of ground covered with meat, to speak plainly; 1,280 acres almost covered at least with the business of converting live stock into food for man. I had never before visited this institution, and so I went there all dressed up, in order to make an impression on the working classes.

Shortly after my arrival it came on for to rain, and having came on for that purpose it removed its coat, suspenders and hat, and rained more earnestly and more vociferously than anywhere else I ever saw it outside of Ireland. I wore a frock coat, patent leather shoes and a silk hat. After a while the mud, gore and hair, to say nothing of lard and disarranged liver, gave me a blase look that attracted attention when I got back on State street. One man whom I did not know asked me if there had been any trouble or a strike at the stock yards.

The visitor is apt to go first to the assassinating department. I remember butchering day at home when I was a boy. It was different from this. We had generally about three shoats to kill, and we waited most always until the weather was so cold that we could not plow. Then we butchered. We began about daylight to heat water for scalding purposes. Then we crossed the fence and began a series of uncalled for yet bitter and personal attacks on the elder maternal hog, while her ear piercing squeals rent the sky and her hot blood spattered our neat little overalls. All day we alternately scorched our faces or froze to death, and at night three flabby, waxen remains, perfectly devoid of bowels of compassion or other viscera, pried open so that the November wind could sough through their pulseless forms or dally with their leaf lard through the long and frigid hours, hung in a row. Then came the days when all through the dear old homestead the smell of nice hot lard sought out every corner and even pervaded the beautiful brown linen Sabbath school suit, which caught and retained the ravishing fragrance for years after.

Here you hear in the distant and the somber depths of the building a smothered wail ever and anon. You go toward it and find a brisk young man in tall rubber boots standing in a bloody stall with a flashing blade in his hand, while near him a big pan to which is attached a long handle catches the hot, fresh tide of life as it spurts with a purple impulse following the long, keen blade. About every fifteen seconds, while we stood there, a new subject came up heels first out of the big slaughter pen, as a log is pulled out of the pond of a big saw mill, and with a plunge of the knife as it passed on another swung into position head down, and the unerring steel struck the same point forward of the shoulder and to the left of the windpipe. No experiments were made. The young butcher's style of vaccination always took. I remember once, years ago, my father went away on business, to serve on the petit jury, I think, and told me to kill the pig.

It was easy to say that. He might also have included other friends of the family, but he did not think of it perhaps. However, I began the most elaborate preparations and tried to nerve myself up to it by frequent recourse to hard cider, for I had never personally shed innocent blood before. The pig would probably weigh about 160 pounds, and was not fierce until he found out that I seemed set on mutilating him without any apparent cause. Then he broke down the fence, ate up a small goddess of liberty which I had once had tattooed on my leg, so that I could be identified in case I should run away and go to sea and stumble against a watery grave, as I had intended to do at that time.

The animal wandered away into a corn field, and we tracked him by his bloody footsteps. We overtook him along toward noon, and my younger brother held him down while I made an incision in the neck which proved fatal. As we started to drag the animal toward home his head fell off. I state this in order to show that sincerity and inflexibility of purpose had already begun to show themselves even at this early age.

After some delay we succeeded in removing the bristles, also some of the pelt, and I began the delicate operation of prying into and exposing the animal's complex works. I guess it would not be best to describe this, for it gives me great pain to recall it. I only know that I cannot see yet what he had ever done with so many of them or who could have ever arranged such a large assortment in such a little space. They came pouring out like a cataract of new and strange vitals with crotcheted borders on them, and altogether I felt saddened and depressed. I went over to a neighbor and got him to come and assist me. I told him I had operated once or twice on a hen, but a hen travels light. She does not overburden herself with vitals that way. Just give a hen two or three little fixings of that kind and she will go around perfectly contented. But it is not so with a hog. I never saw a hog that knew when he had enough of anything.

In the early days they used to assess people here at the stock yards for beer money, and then if they did not get it they would pelt the visitor with fragments of liver and such little testimonials of respect as that. So it was a custom even among temperance people to give them the money. It was so until one day an English capitalist who owned a large share of one packing house got a steer's lung down the back of his neck and eighteen feet of sausage wound around his silk hat, and he spoke of it in terms of resentment to the superintendent. Then it was changed.

The sausage machine is one of the most intelligent that I ever saw. The Havana wrapper is pulled on over a metallic spout, and then by a terrific force exerted above the sausage meat reservoir the whole thing is pushed through this spout into the wrapper, and yard upon yard of this delicious bivalve is reeled off while you wait.

WITH MY FRIEND M'ALLISTER.

One house takes the lives of 2,400 pigs per day, and they are chilled and ready for the table by night. Mr. Armour personally killed 1,450,000 hogs last year, not in a spirit of revenge, but in order to improve the condition of mankind and keep the rude and disagreeable wolf from his own door.

Prying a little into his business a Tuesday yesterday, I found that he did a business of $65,000,000 last year. He also paid out $5,500,000 in wages. With a piece of chalk I figured on the back of an old painting in Mr. Armour's pleasant office that, allowing each year the same number of animals killed last year, say 1,500,000 hogs, 650,000 cattle and 350,000 sheep at a low estimate, in five years Mr. Armour, single handed, could encircle the globe with a continuous girdle of intestines!

What a thought! What food for thought also!

But as Mr. Armour said in our talk, when I asked him for a little recipe for becoming a millionaire: "Here is the secret of the success of the Big Four. It is our system of carefully utilizing everything. Here is a glass jar containing hoof meal. That is valuable for its ammonia. It is made from the despised hoof of the animal after the neatsfoot oil and other toilet articles have been removed. Here is a jar of white phosphates, made from the pith of the horn. This industry will decrease if the dehorning of cattle grows, but probably it will not appreciably. Here is a sort of glue made from the tips of the ears and nose of deceased cattle which die a violent death at our house. Here is a substance used in great quantities by the brewers. Some time in the old days before your reformation you have noticed when you pulled your beer glass off the top of the table that it had a tendency to stick. That is a gelatinous substance which we furnish the brewer in great quantities. It is made from the thin white film which lies between the bone and skin of the head, for instance, and if nothing more harmful goes into beer it will never kill people off at a big rate. Then there is a jar of dried blood. Some is used for purifying sugar and considerable is sent to New Orleans, but more is used for making buttons. So you see we make our money by saving it. Not long ago a Frenchman came to me and told me that I was losing a million or so unnecessarily. I froze to him till he told me how. We found that our big reservoirs containing water, and in which we give the beef a bath to sort of cool it and close up the pores, had been emptied into the Chicago river for years, carrying with it the bouquet of the beef. We now condense and compress this nutritious juice till we get the most stimulating and the most delectable extract of beef that ever gladdened the tottering stomach of an invalid or a child."

And so it goes. It seems that an adult steer can afford more real, pure joy by his death than any other animal, unless it be the wife beater. I am told that when a wife beater sits for his death mask, on a still day, you can hear the angels applauding.

At Swift's establishment they have two old animals, one a steer called Judas and the other a sheep called Iscariot. Each of these animals has a winning way with his set, and is utilized for the purpose of leading his fellows into the slaughter pen even against their better judgment. They have done this for years, and though the smell of blood naturally repels them, they listen to the siren voices of these two heartless brutes who preserve their own lives at the sacrifice of thousands of others, and death is their portion.

Some day I will again visit the stock yards. I hope to select a rainy day, and shall hope also to take my friend Ward McAllister with me by the hand, dressed in his best suit of clothes.

Skipping gayly through the ruins of former beef creatures and the tottering relics of nude hogs that have been snatched from the glad sunlight and yielding mud of Illinois to deluge the abattoirs of this great commercial town with their bright young blood, I would like to yank the great parlor ornament clothed in a white flannel suit and his unwavering admiration of himself, while cheery young butchers pinned to his coat tails yard upon yard of the future home of the sausage. It may be a cruel wish, but when a man outshines me socially I cannot help it: I almost hate him.

Bill Nye

A Story of Congressman Rogers.

It is related of John Rogers, the Arkansas congressman, that he recently sat down in a barber's chair, when the barber asked if he would not take off his collar.

"Certainly," said Rogers pleasantly, "anything to accommodate," and, getting out of the chair, removed his coat and vest, let down his suspenders, and began unbuttoning his shirt.

"Jes' yo' collah, sah," said the astonished barber, "jes' de collah: that'll be enough."

"I understand," said Rogers. "I'm going to take it off." And he peeled his shirt off over his head.

"You see, I have my collars made on my shirts," he calmly said, as he sat in his undershirt and enjoyed himself.—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

A Valuable Tip.

"Haven't you forgotten something, sir?" asked the head porter of a guest who had paid his bill and was leaving the hotel.

"Oh, no," replied the non-tipper; "if I have you can keep it."

"Much obliged! I notice you left your pocketbook lying on the desk."—New York Sun.

His Rise.

He [illegible] of shoes,
[illegible]
He [illegible]
The [illegible]

He [illegible] trousers bagged;
He [illegible]
An [illegible]
He [illegible]

He [illegible]
[illegible]
He [illegible]
[illegible]

He [illegible] bought a horse,
[illegible]
He [illegible] at first,
An [illegible]

He [illegible] more,
[illegible]
For [illegible]
[illegible]
—[illegible] in Clothier and Furnisher.

A TREE FROG'S INSTINCT.

Showing That Tales of Animal Intelligence Are Sometimes Very Wonderful.

"Talking of instinct," remarked the man who used to be a great fisherman before he joined church, "I once had a tree frog that in my judgment beat the weather bureau all to pieces.

"I had read about their being able to predict weather changes, so I got a wide mouthed bottle, a little wooden ladder and the other articles usually recommended. I put them all together in the parlor and waited for developments.

"And I must say the developments startled me. Right along that frog, when it was going to be good weather, came to the top of his ladder; when it promised to turn out threatening, he would rest half way down, and if a storm was on hand he always staid under water. Never knew it to fail.

"This was through the summer. The next fall I took him to the sitting room, and hang me, if he did a thing else but sit on his ladder with his legs crossed and mope, storm or sunshine, hot or cold, wet or dry. Prophesy he would not. He seemed to be half tired of life.

"I concluded, of course, he didn't like his new quarters, so I took him back to the parlor and presto! he brightened up and began business with the old reliability right away.

"Naturally this aroused my curiosity, and I finally found out the secret."

"Well," inquired the crowd of eager listeners.

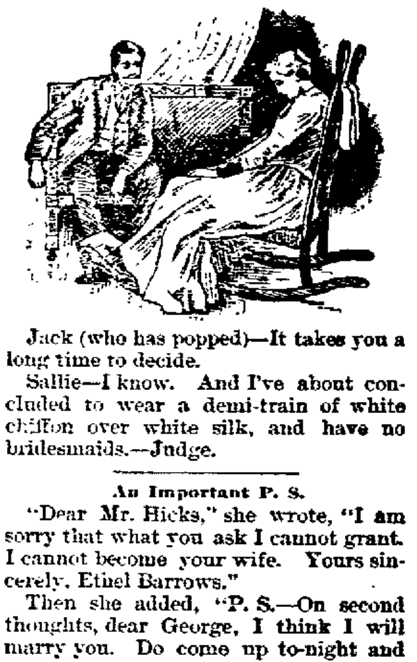
"The cunning beast had been all the time watching and making use of a little barometer that stood right beside his glass on the mantelpiece."—Philadelphia Times.

His Rise in the World.

"Henry," she observed sadly, "you certainly have changed! What has come over you lately to make you so haughty?"

"Miss Twilling," stiffly replied the young man, "while the pleasant relations which have heretofore existed between us will, I trust, remain unchanged, at the same time I find it necessary to maintain the proper amount of dignity in accordance with the more exalted position which I now hold in society. You are evidently not aware of the fact, but I have recently invested some of my capital in, and I am now wearing, a suit of genuine silk underwear."—Clothier and Furnisher.

How He Won Her.



Jack (who has popped)—It takes you a long time to decide.

Sallie—I know. And I've about concluded to wear a demi-train of white chiffon over white silk, and have no bridesmaids.—Judge.

An Important P. S.

"Dear Mr. Hicks," she wrote, "I am sorry that what you ask I cannot grant. I cannot become your wife. Yours sincerely, Ethel Barrows."

Then she added, "P. S.—On second thoughts, dear George, I think I will marry you. Do come up to-night and see your own true Ethel."—New York Herald.

Perhaps.

Miss Rowena—Think of a wishy washy, phlegmatic girl like her being named Stella!

Mr. Parham—"Stella" means a star. Perhaps they called her that, not because they thought her bright, but because she was beautiful in the dark.—Harper's Bazar.

Very Likely.

Mrs. Blunt (reading paper)—It's terrible!

Blunt—What?

"The county lunatic asylum was set on fire by the inmates."

"My! they must have been crazy."—Yankee Blade.

On Dangerous Ground.

Mr. Com Placent (visiting newspaper office, to editor)—What do you do to get rid of the beastly bores who stay all day and don't know how to take a hint?

Editor (without looking up)—Stay five minutes longer and I'll show you.—West Shore.

Another Way of Calling a Man an Ass.

"That fellow Bousalini, the portrait painter, is a brute."

"What has he done?"

"I wanted him to make a portrait of me, and he said he wasn't an animal painter."—New York Sun.

She Got a Servant.

Husband (married one year)—Why, Etta, what has become of your wedding ring?

Wife—I wore it out.

Husband—How could you wear it out?

Wife—Doing the housework.—Epoch.

Not a Mushroom.

Van Gotham—Van Blewblud has a very long family tree. Hasn't he?

Murrayhill—Long! Well, about half way down it there is a side note—"About this time Adam and Eve were created."—New York Herald.

A Last Resort.

Mrs. Bingo—I noticed there was a rent in your trousers this morning.

Mr. Bingo—Thank heaven! Give it to the landlord when he comes.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Generous Fellow.

Goslin—I just gave him a piece of my mind, donchaknow.

Dolly (anxiously)—How could you spare it?—Munsey's Weekly.

STRANGE CASES.

All of Them More Wonderful Than Any in Fiction.

P. H. SUMNER'S QUEER CONDUCT.

He Identifies a Suicide as an Old Friend and Then Retracts His Statement—A Chicago Man's Life-in-Death Existence. Mysterious Disappearances.

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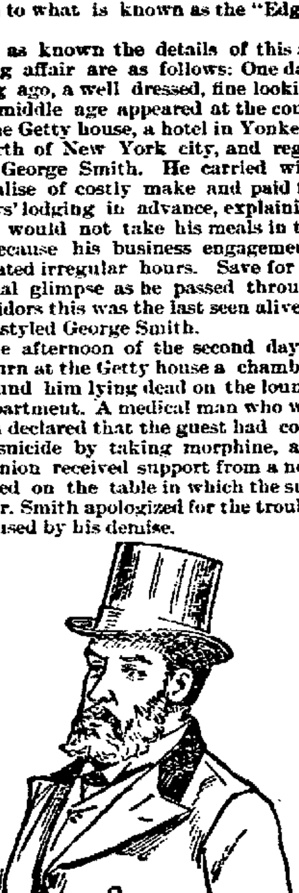
If life itself is a mystery, what name is there left to apply to the various remarkable circumstances cropping out from day to day in connection with human existence?

No twenty-four hours of mingled light and darkness slip into the past without adding to the accumulation of strange and startling events which thrill, shock, excite or disgust the average citizen. Some display vulgar brutality only, but others command attention because of puzzling and apparently unsolvable surroundings. Chief among these latter prominence must be given to what is known as the "Edgar case."

THE YONKERS SUICIDE.

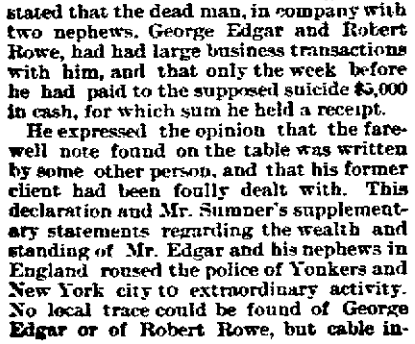
So far as known the details of this astonishing affair are as follows: One day, not long ago, a well dressed, fine looking man of middle age appeared at the counter of the Getty house, a hotel in Yonkers, just north of New York city, and registered as George Smith. He carried with him a valise of costly make and paid for two days' lodging in advance, explaining that he would not take his meals in the hotel because his business engagements necessitated irregular hours. Save for an occasional glimpse as he passed through the corridors this was the last seen alive of the self styled George Smith.

On the afternoon of the second day of his sojourn at the Getty house a chambermaid found him lying dead on the lounge in his apartment. A medical man who was called in declared that the guest had committed suicide by taking morphine, and this opinion received support from a note discovered on the table in which the supposed Mr. Smith apologized for the trouble to be caused by his demise.


PERRIN H. SUMNER.

Apparently it was a clear case of self slaughter, which demanded only the formality of a coroner's inquest and the interment of the corpse in a pauper's grave, for the man's valise was missing, and he had left no money or personal effects to defray the expenses of any other sort of funeral. However, just as the authorities were closing up the record of the case, satisfied that Smith was only another of the many wrecks of humanity who had found life not worth living, there appeared on the scene a certain Mr. Perrin H. Sumner, who identified the body as that of a rich client named James H. Edgar. He stated that the dead man, in company with two nephews, George Edgar and Robert Rowe, had had large business transactions with him, and that only the week before he had paid to the supposed suicide $5,000 in cash, for which sum he held a receipt.

He expressed the opinion that the farewell note found on the table was written by some other person, and that his former client had been foully dealt with. This declaration and Mr. Sumner's supplementary statements regarding the wealth and standing of Mr. Edgar and his nephews in England roused the police of Yonkers and New York city to extraordinary activity. No local trace could be found of George Edgar or of Robert Rowe, but cable inquiries sent to the alleged home of the family in England brought replies that while Rowe was well known, no persons answering the descriptions of the Edgars had ever resided in the locality.


ALFRED SWANSON.

Meanwhile the man who had died at the Getty house had been buried. Mr. Sumner, apparently assailed by doubts, secured the disinterment of the corpse and had it subjected to tests which in themselves seem horrible and unnecessary. The inanimate relic of humanity was attired in a suit of clothes and seated on a chair. Still claiming to be in doubt Mr. Sumner caused the gravediggers to straighten the decaying limbs and display the body in a standing posture. He placed himself beside it, saw that the corpse was less in height than himself, and finally asserted that he had been mistaken in his original statement, and that the body was that of a stranger.

It was reinterred, and Mr. Sumner returned to New York city, where he has since been busied in making explanations regarding events in his own career, the newspapers having devoted considerable space to his record since he assumed prominence in connection with the strange and still unexplained death at the Yonkers hotel. However, so many queer things have been brought out during the investigation of the tragedy that the police are still continuing an active and exhaustive inquiry, and one of these days it may become known who George Smith really was, why Mr. Sumner declared that he was James H. Edgar, and what the object was to be served by afterward reversing that decision. At present, though, the whole matter has a prominent place among criminal puzzles yet to be solved

While the Edgar case must take rank as the most remarkable in modern mysteries of death, it has a companion piece in a mystery of life equally remarkable and almost as sensational.

Early one morning recently a well dressed man, while under the influence of liquor, got into an altercation with a Chicago street car driver. The quarrel culminated in blows, and the passenger was hit on the head with a coupling pin. An intelligent policeman took him to a station house, charged him with intoxication and locked him in one of the cells. Three hours later a physician discovered a wound the size of a half dollar behind the prisoner's left ear in the shape of a cavity full of blood clots and crushed brain matter. A large quantity of the latter had oozed out, and the doctors at the hospital to which the man was removed declared the case a hopeless one. However, they dressed the wound and were rewarded by a surprise. After hovering for days between life and death the man regained a large share of his physical strength. He could speak, but not intelligibly.

It was found that while the speech centers themselves had not been destroyed the associated tract between them and the lingual centers had. For a time his mind evidently ran on the last thing he remembered prior to the quarrel, and he kept demanding "one glass more." Then his intellect seemed to clear, and an attempt was made to ascertain his name. Apparently he was a Swede, and on this basis he was addressed as Ole and Hans. He evidently dissented to these appellations by shakes of the head, but when one of the attendants called him Alfred he nodded emphatically, and gave delighted assent to the further title of Swanson, so that it is now supposed that his full name is Alfred Swanson. A recent visitor to his bedside says:

STEPHEN DROXLER.

"Except when he is delirious he is a most exemplary patient, as he lies in his bed, smiling and talking away in his unintelligible manner. When asked a question he seems to think, and then his eyes brighten, and he tries his hardest to answer, evidently knowing what he wants to say, but utterly unable to express himself. He submits to the dressing of his wound with the utmost complacency, and never moves a muscle while the siphon is being placed in the cavity. When asked if it hurts he says 'No, sir,' and is as gentle as a child. He obeys everything said to him, and lifts or lowers his head just as he is told. The only way that it can be told that he is feeling anything is in the alteration of his respiration and the quickening of the action of the heart and pulse. Though the man will get well, he will never have the entire use of his faculties. His speech will probably always be more or less affected, and his memory on certain subjects uncertain and defective."

PROFESSOR J. W. STORTTS.

Equally strange, but entirely different in the surrounding circumstances, are the cases of Stephen Droxler and Professor J. W. Stortts. Droxler is a resident of Michigan, and recently visited New York city in company with his wife. He went out for a stroll along the streets of Gotham, and nothing has been seen or heard of him since. He had but little money with him at the time, and Mrs. Droxler and the police as well are at a loss to know what has become of him.

Professor Stortts, the other man who has mysteriously disappeared, was a resident of Mitchell, Ind., where he had a fine reputation as a musician, and enjoyed the confidence and respect of his neighbors. He left his house for his office one morning not long ago, and since then his family have heard nothing of him, despite the most diligent inquiry. In his case, as well as that of Droxler, the usual theories of women, debt and drink have been advanced, but no proofs are at hand to establish any of these scandalous suppositions, and both of the disappearances must be added to the list of unsolved and mysterious affairs which go to prove the truth of the old saying that "Fact is stranger than fiction."

FRED C. DAYTON.

It is only one person in a thousand who becomes a centenarian, and hardly six persons among a thousand even attain 75 years of age.

A CREDULOUS OLD MAN.

He Allows an Adventuress to Fool Him Out of His Property.

Mrs. Maude Inman, sometimes called "Doctor," has beat the record in making a complete clean up of her victim. Mr. D. R. Benjamin, of Denver, was a stranger, and she took him in—took him in for $1,986 cash and all the real estate he owned, about $3,000 worth; but after all she was not smart enough to get away with the "swag." She made the mistake women of that sort so often make—she stayed around too long, trusting that the shame and timidity of her victim would restrain him from applying to the law, and so the "coppers" laid hands on her just as she was leaving San Francisco.

MAUDE INMAN.

The trial developed a curious history. Five years ago she appeared in California and soon married Fred Inman, who got a divorce from her within a year. She next eloped with a hotel clerk who abandoned her. In Denver she met D. R. Benjamin, a contractor and builder in a small way, who had become partially paralyzed. He was 50 years old and needed sympathy, as his wife and child were in the far east. She filled him with bright hopes of fortune and restored health on the Pacific coast, and he was fascinated by the picture.

The next scene shows "Dr." Inman running an "electro-therapeutic vapor bath" establishment at 867 Mission street, San Francisco, and Mr. Benjamin as her resident patient. She told two or three of her intimate friends that she intended to "cure him up and marry him as soon as he got a divorce from his present wife." But a discovery was made—two discoveries, in fact. He discovered that the vapor baths were fast destroying what little strength he had left, and she that he was not so rich as she had supposed. She drove him from the house, and he went to see a lawyer.

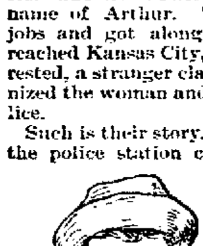
To him Mr. Benjamin made the humiliating confession that he had given Dr. Maude every dollar of his cash, and deeded to her his real estate, the scheme being that the two were to establish a health home and invalids' retreat on her "estate near San Rafael." The lawyer set the detectives to work, and not an hour too soon, for "Dr." Inman and her accomplice, Viola Betts, were arrested just as they were making ready to leave the city. Part of the money had gone to furnish a lodging house managed by the woman, part they had squandered and a remnant was recovered.

The net result of the trial is that poor old Benjamin recovers the title to his real estate and a few, very few, dollars in money, the women go into retirement for a while as guests of the state, and the public has another satirical laugh at the ways of an old man in the wiles of woman.

THEY TRAVELED AS BROTHERS.

A Man and Wife Who Worked Their Way, Both in Male Attire.

Ben and "Arthie" Claire, of Wolf City, Tex., found it very inconvenient to work their way across the continent as man and wife, so they concluded to travel as brothers. She dressed accordingly, and took the name of Arthur. They worked at odd jobs and got along splendidly till they reached Kansas City, where they were arrested, a stranger claiming that he recognized the woman and so notifying the police.


"ARTHUR" CLAIRE.

Such is their story. But the matron at the police station called attention to the fact that the girl's hands were too small and too white for her to have done as hard work as she claimed, and to the fact that the general style and get up of the lass was not that of a working woman. The matron's guess was that she was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer who had ran off with the hired man. As the police declined to hold the couple, and as they left town in proper attire, no one knows the real facts.

An odd feature of the case was that when the girl was reclothed in the habiliments of her sex she looked much younger—apparently not over 16, while her male companion was at least 35—and she was much better looking, too, as a girl than as a boy, both facts contrary to the usual rule in such cases. She said they had worked their way very pleasantly from Texas and were going to locate on a farm "away out west," and in that direction they departed.

An Executioner on a Strike.

Senor Valentin is on a strike, and what is more, he will probably win, for he is the only man of his trade in the island of Cuba. He doesn't ask increased pay or shorter hours, but what he demands and insists on having is his back salary. The government owes him $170 for garroting ten criminals at $17 each. Until this sum is forthcoming no legal executions can take place in the "ever faithful isle," for no one will accept Senor Valentin's job. Says a recent bulletin of the strike: "On account of his past attentions to a large number of deceased brigands Senor Valentin does not like to walk about Havana unattended. Relatives of the deceased have frequently made threats to assassinate him, and in consequence the government furnishes him two soldiers to act as a body guard. This, however, does not militate against his claims for the $17 apiece for his subjects. In return, however, for these guardsmen the government uses the executioner as an advertising medium to warn would be evil doers, and whenever he goes abroad Senor Valentin wears a short cloak on the back of which is embroidered in red a ladder, intended to remind brigands and other gentry of that ilk that there is a straight and narrow pathway to the scaffold. To further emphasize his indignation the executioner has refused to wear this garment until his $170 is paid."

Naturally Senor Valentin's course is cordially approved by a number of brigands now under sentence of death. As long as the garroter declines to work they will continue to live

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A particularly horrible suicide was that of Charles Jacobs, a well known baker of Hoboken, N. J. Jacobs was crazed by loss of sleep and put an end to his sufferings with a shotgun in an upper room of his house. His wife hearing the shot entered the room and found that her husband had literally blown the upper half of his head off. Blood and little pieces of his brain were scattered over the room and clinging to the walls and ceiling.

SELF SLAUGHTER.

Conditions Under Which People Take Their Own Lives.

A PRETTY TYPEWRITER'S DEED.

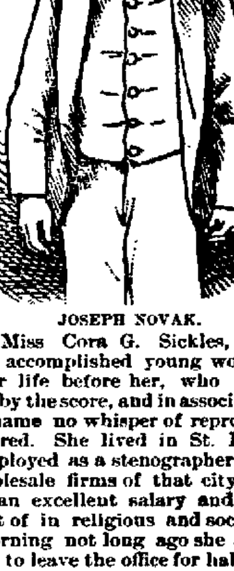
She Compasses Her Own Destruction with Carbolic Acid—A Condemned Murderer's Unsuccessful Attempt—The Expiation of a Minnesota Assassin.

The stern philosophers of ancient Rome agreed that the proper ending for an unsuccessful life was suicide. If a man suffered from incurable disease he did a service, not only for himself but to his friends, by ending an intolerable existence. The unfortunate or the disgraced paid in full the debt to their fellows and retrieved their honor by self obliteration, and the advocates of suicide under such circumstances displayed to the world the shining examples of Cato, Brutus and Seneca.

MISS CORA G. SICKLES.

Modern times and modern sentiment are not in touch with ancient views regarding euthanasia, and under some conditions in certain portions of the civilized world the person who takes his own life is not accorded Christian burial, but is given sepulture only in the most disgraceful form. Despite this statistics show that the despairing and despondent people of today are as prone to self slaughter as the philosophic pagans of 2,000 years ago, the only apparent difference being that they do not announce their intention to their friends and relatives in advance of bidding farewell to life.

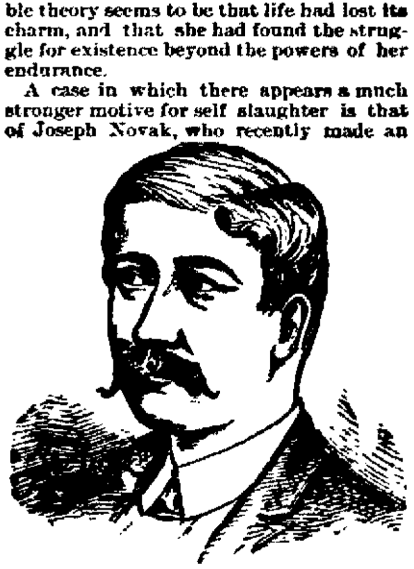
Innumerable reasons appear in postmortem accounts of these tragedies why the principals have dared to seek the unknown in preference to braving the consequences of further existence in this world. Some die and make no sign, however, while others hurry hence laden down with the terrible burden of remorse, fear, sorrow or utter disgust. Classed among those for whose self slaughter there is no apparent excuse must be numbered Miss Cora G. Sickles, a beautiful and accomplished young woman, who had her life before her, who numbered friends by the score, and in association with whose name no whisper of reproach could be uttered. She lived in St. Louis and was employed as a stenographer by one of the wholesale firms of that city. She received an excellent salary and was well thought of in religious and social circles. One morning not long ago she asked permission to leave the office for half an hour. Her request was granted and she walked out. Going to a drug store she purchased a quantity of carbolic acid. Returning to her desk she sat down and wrote this note to her employers:


JOSEPH NOVAK.

I could not help it; please forgive and think the best you can of me.

Then she swallowed the poison and a few moments later fell to the floor, dying in horrible agony. Close inquiry revealed no reason for her rash act, and the only tenable theory seems to be that life had lost its charm, and that she had found the struggle for existence beyond the powers of her endurance.

A case in which there appears a much stronger motive for self slaughter is that of Joseph Novak, who recently made an ineffectual attempt to batter out his brains on the floor of his stone cell in the county jail at Joliet, Ills. Novak's case is a peculiar one.


GEORGE ROBARGE.

Last spring he had an altercation with his brother-in-law, Anto Sokoloski. The two fought, and the combat became murderous in its tendencies. Novak seized a pistol, leveled it at Anto and pulled the trigger. His aim was bad; the bullet flew wide of its mark, and instead of killing his assailant pierced the brain of his 14 year-old daughter. It was for this that he was arrested, tried and sentenced to death, and it was because of remorse for his unintentional crime that he attempted the suicide which was prevented only to save him for execution on the gallows.

A recent suicide at St. Paul was in quick expiation of a terrible crime. Two young men named Benjamin and William Rogers sent a lad in their employ to look after a herd of cattle belonging to them, and which had strayed upon the premises of a man named George Robarge. Robarge assaulted the boy and drove him away. He reported the fact to the Rogers brothers, who immediately sought Mr. Robarge and attempted to adjust the difficulty. A fight, instead of a peaceable understanding, followed. Robarge attacked his visitors with an ax, and when that weapon was taken from him ran into the house and came out armed with a double barreled shotgun. He fired first at William Rogers, the charge taking effect in the victim's right shoulder. He then sent the contents of the second barrel through Benjamin Rogers' head, killing him instantly.

A witness of the tragedy ran to the stock yards, not far distant, and soon returned with a number of men on horseback, who carried ropes and who were determined on ending the affair by lynching Robarge. But the assassin's fear, remorse, or whatever one may call it, had anticipated their vengeance, for he was found lying dead in his barn. It would appear that he had reloaded his gun, gone into one of the stalls, taken off his shoes and stockings, placed the muzzle of the weapon to his head and pulled the trigger with his toe. His skull was entirely blown away, and the corpse presented a terrible sight.

A case hardly in the same line with the above ended not in tragedy but in happiness some time ago, because of the wise and merciful conduct of one of New York's best known judges, Recorder Smyth. A prisoner brought before him for trial was accused of burglary, and being called on to plead said that he was guilty. There seemed to be something back of the case, and the recorder continued it for a week in order that he might make inquiries. While in the Tombs pending Judge Smyth's investigation the prisoner attempted to destroy himself, but fortunately did not succeed.

It came out that he was an industrious, hard working man, ambitious only for the advancement of his daughter, who was possessed of considerable musical talent.

RECORDER SMYTH.

She had told her father that all that was necessary for her success was another course of instruction. Unable to provide means for this course, the man stole goods from his employer, pawned them and went home triumphant and happy with money sufficient to insure his child's future. Questioned by his wife as to the means by which he had procured the desired sum he confessed his theft, and in obedience to her entreaty told his employer all and turned over to him the money and the pawn tickets. The merchant was one of the relentless sort, however, and instituted a prosecution. Recorder Smyth, with all the facts before him, thought it just as well as merciful to sentence the man to a term of years in prison and then suspend sentence. The result has justified his sagacity, for the ex-thief is now an honored and trusted servant of one of the great steamship lines, while his prosecutor is serving a term in the penitentiary because of fraudulent practices in business.

F. X. WHITE.

Kleptomania a Mark of Insanity.

The ordinary layman of average intelligence smiles when he hears of or reads about a case of kleptomania. He "knows better; the kleptomaniac is a thief with a fine name, and the name has been invented for the purpose of screening members of the higher classes who are vicious." Yet kleptomania is as much an indication of insanity as the unreasoning desire to take human life. A case in point is cited in a recent number of The Hospital. It is that of a man who was arrested a short time ago in the act of stealing a handkerchief from a lady in a Vienna suburb. In his sane days he had been a prosperous banker; but a mania for cambric pocket handkerchiefs seized upon him and proved his ruin. It was his habit to accost ladies in the street and offer to buy their pocket handkerchiefs. If they refused he used to get angry, and to offer higher and higher prices until a bargain was struck.

Many women traded upon his madness until at last all his money was spent, and he became a bankrupt. But bankruptcy did not cure his mania, for no longer having money to pay for pocket handkerchiefs he took to stealing them and was sent to prison. For five years nothing was heard of his depredations, and it was believed that his imprisonment had cured him. But a short time ago he was discovered at his old tricks. When arrested he had fifteen cambric handkerchiefs in his possession, all of which he confessed to having stolen within an hour. In his bedroom 434 cambric pocket handkerchiefs were found, and it is believed that many more were concealed in hiding places which he refused to reveal. He had never been known to steal anything else, nor does he seem to have made any use of the cambric handkerchiefs. The tribunal before which he appeared very properly sent him to a madhouse and not to prison. "The case," declares a medical authority, "is absolutely convincing, and probably no one who reads it will in future doubt the fact of kleptomania"

Unlucky Pilgrims to Mecca.

The cholera affected the annual pilgrimage to Mecca very considerably. One pilgrim steamer left Bombay with 1,222 devotees for the holy city, but on reaching Jeddah was quarantined for ten days, as six cases of cholera had occurred during the voyage. Just as the quarantine was ending another case broke out, resulting in ten days' further durance. By the time the second delay expired the Haj was over, and the pilgrims were obliged to return, having spent their all without attaining their object Such a disaster has only occurred once in half a century, and the pilgrims regarded it as a visitation of Divine displeasure.

A CHILD CONTORTIONIST.

She Can Twist Her Body Into Any Number of Attitudes.

Irene Crawford is an 11-year-old girl of Newark, N. J., who seems to have been born with a talent which few contortionists acquire in a life time of practice and thousands of public performances. When but a year old she astonished, and sometimes alarmed, parents and friends by twisting herself into odd shapes and kicking the back of her head with her feet. As she grew she acquired the capacity for many remarkable tricks. This was in her native Philadelphia, but when the family removed to Newark and sent her to school the whole juvenile population was soon talking of the "wonderful things Irene Crawford could do."

IRENE CRAWFORD.

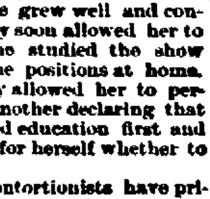
Her parents had in vain tried to restrain her tendency, but being assured that it did not injure her, as she grew well and continued vigorous, they soon allowed her to practice at will. She studied the show bills and acquired the positions at home. Once only have they allowed her to perform in public, the mother declaring that she must have a good education first and then she can decide for herself whether to be a professional.

Several eminent contortionists have privately tested the child's powers, and say they have rarely seen her performances excelled even by old professionals. She enjoys her antics immensely and is eager to join a troupe and earn some money for her parents, who are laboring people.

KILLED AT A CROSSING.

Tragic Death of Drury Underwood, a Noted Western Sportsman.

Drury Underwood, well known to lovers of fast horses all over the Union as president of the Missouri-Kansas Fair and Exposition Driving Park association, was instantly killed in a most shocking manner by a train on the Chicago and Alton railway near Kansas City the other day. He was one of the best known residents of that city, and was returning from a day's shooting when the accident happened.


DRURY UNDERWOOD.

There is quite a cut where the railroad crosses Blue avenue, and one coming toward Kansas City cannot see either way on the track more than a few rods. Yet the trains at that point move at their greatest speed. Mr. Underwood halted, listened a moment, and thinking no train was near started on. The next instant he realized his error and tried to turn his team, but too late. The train, drawn by two engines, struck the light wagon and one horse; the wagon was crushed to splinters, one horse was thrown sixty feet, and Mr. Underwood fell just beyond it, the horse's head resting on his shoulder.

Both were instantly killed, the man being badly mangled. The other horse, strange to say, standing just beyond the rail, was cut loose from its mate and escaped uninjured; yet it did not run away, but moved about the scene in a dazed way, as if it fully realized the calamity. Underwood leaves a widow and ten children. The esteem in which he was held was shown by universal sorrow throughout Kansas City.

The Farmer Was a Good Fighter.

When a farmer "goes to town" it doesn't follow that he always "gets the worst of it." He quite often comes out of a tight place with flying colors. That was the case with James Buchanan, a farmer of Locust Valley, Long Island. He visited New York to see the Bowery at night. He lingered too late, missed his train, and took a room in a cheap lodging house at No. 9 Chatham square. The rooms, so called, contain one bed, and are separated by partitions half way to the ceiling. In the middle of the night the farmer awoke with a consciousness that some one was prowling about the room. Jumping from the bed he grappled a man. The next moment he received a blow that felled him to the floor. Two other men entered the room in some mysterious way, and a desperate fight ensued. When it was all over the farmer dressed and went for a policeman. August Hoffman, John Escherein and Charles Zaler were arrested. A ladder against the partition in the next room revealed the manner in which Buchanan's assailants entered. Justice Power at the Tombs court held the trio in $300 each to answer.

A Queer Design in Underwear.

The "skeleton suit" is the latest novelty in underwear. The garments are woven in colors according to a design which displays on the person of the wearer the semblance of his bony structure, and the effect is far more startling than picturesque. A man attired in a suit of this underclothing ought to be able to cope with a burglar unarmed, for the chances are that the housebreaker would flee at the first glimpse of the supposed "stiff" and never stop running as long as his wind and legs held out. Even with this to recommend it, it is hardly probable that the skeleton suit will secure a wide popularity.

THE SUIT IN USE.

Bloody Plotters in Pittsburg.

What the Italians have given to New Orleans the Poles are said to have given to Pittsburg, viz., a band of sworn assassins. A Pole named Zeblitsky was informed the other day by a friend that his life was in danger The friend had stumbled on the meeting of the band, and had heard them carefully arrange a plan to murder Zeblitsky The latter told his story to the authorities, and the friend has left Pittsburg, presumably from fear of assassination.

Expecting Too Much.

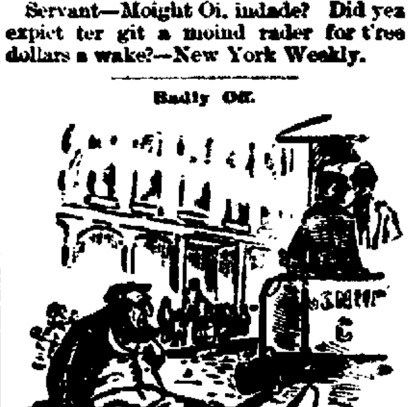
Mistress — Sakes alive! You have cooked that turkey that I got for Thanksgiving instead of the roast the butcher sent.

Servant—Sure, Oi didn't know it waz th' mate ye wanted fur today.

Mistress—You might have known that I wanted the turkey saved for Thanksgiving without my telling you.

Servant—Moight Oi, indade? Did yez expict ter git a moind rader for t'ree dollars a wake?—New York Weekly.

Badly Off.



Ex-Passenger—Gaul dern yer! Can't you wait till I get off?

Conductor—Be gobbs, if yez ain't off now yez'll never be off.—Puck.

The Wrong Man.

Great Merchant (to his favorite drummer)—Look here, Mr. Grippe, old man Bilter, hitherto one of our best customers, is getting away from us. Bilter has a daughter. Now couldn't you sort of edge up to the young lady—you are a handsome fellow, Grippe. You know what I mean—just to get back the old man.

Grippe—No, sir! When Josiah Grippe so far forgets himself as to forfeit in the slightest degree the sacred principles of truth and justice, of honor and manhood, may his blood run molten lead and his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth. Sooner than cast the slightest shadow over the lily white effulgence of one of the fairest of God's loveliest creatures I would die ten thousand deaths. I say no; a thousand times no. You have mistaken your man. Besides she fired me out of the house last night.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Not to Be Expected.

Lawyer—You say that the poison which the prisoner placed before his victim was concealed in a white liquid, and yet you are not prepared to swear that it was milk. Don't you know milk when you see it?

Witness—No, sir.

Lawyer (sarcastically)—Who are you, anyway?

Witness—I am a milkman.—Life.

A Fraud.

Brokeley (to dwarf in dime museum) —How much do they pay you, Gen. Hopthumb?

Gen. Hopthumb—Hundred dollars a week.

Brokeley—Then I'll bet that you're not as short as I am. And yet they advertise you as a dwarf.—Yenowine's News.

Too Imaginative.

Blinkers—That stranger says that once, when in a foreign country, the natives were about to attack him when he unfurled the American flag, stated that he was under its protection, and they slunk away in terror. I wonder what he is.

Winkers—A miserable liar.—Street & Smith's Good News.

A Financial Genius.

"Have you broken off your engagement, old man? What's the matter?"

"Well, I was hard up, you see, so I quarreled and had all my presents returned, and was able to realize on them. Couldn't possibly have raised the money any other way."—Harper's Bazar.

Must Be Insane.

"Your friend is a kleptomaniac."

"How so?"

"He steals my jokes, and publishes them as his own."

"Your jokes? Then poor Charlie must be suffering from insanity and not kleptomania."—Yankee Blade.

Happily So.

"You are not in the race with me," said the Gold Coin to the Heart.

"You don't know what you are talking about. You may be able to buy a temporary advantage," retorted the Heart, "but in the long run I'm sure to beat."—New York Sun.

A Total Failure.

Totling—Hello, Dimling! Where have you been?

Dimling—Nutting.

"Get anything?"

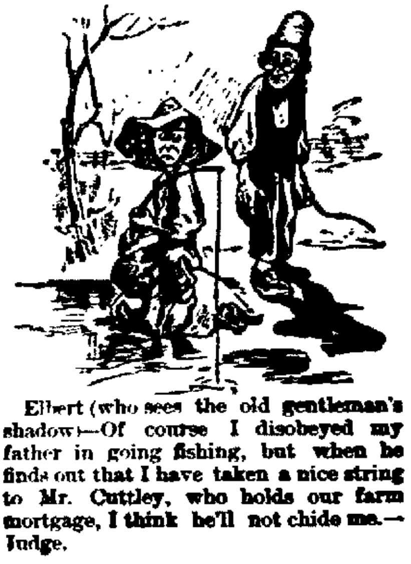
"No; nutting."—Puck.

Rats.

Will—Pooh! Rats never trouble anybody unless they are hungry.

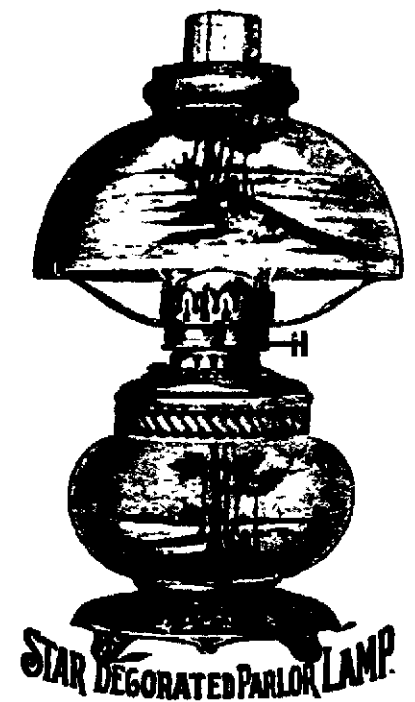
Bill—Then I am thankful there are no rats about when I am hungry.—Yankee Blade.

Spoken Aloud.



Elbert (who sees the old gentleman's shadow)—Of course I disobeyed my father in going fishing, but when he finds out that I have taken a nice string to Mr. Cuttley, who holds our farm mortgage, I think he'll not chide me.—Judge.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE


STAR DECORATED PARLOR LAMP.

Shows an Elegant Line of

PARLOR

—AND—

HANGING

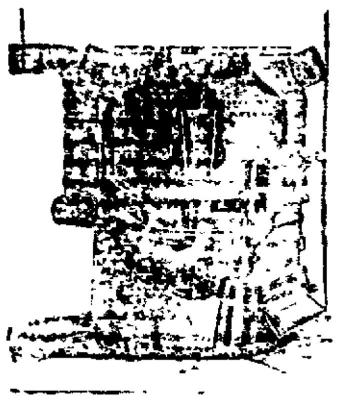
LAMPS

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

HAVILAND'S CHINA

FOR DECORATING. A SPECIALTY.

S. & F. R. SAITER



—AGENTS FOR THE—

ECONOMY

Warm Air Furnaces!

Guaranteed to heat a six to eight room house with six to eight tons of coal.

Our Fall Stock of all the New and Improved

Heating - Stoves!

Wrought Steel Ranges, Grates, Mantles, Enameled and Glazed Tiles are now on our floors.

CALL AND SEE US. WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

COAL!

AT LOW PRICES

—AT—

L. B. GURLEY'S.

OFFICE, NORTH OF JAIL.

TELEPHONE, NO. 67.

It is getting at the season of the year when a fire is needed morning and evening to take away the chill.

Good Coal

Makes a cheerful fire and is the cheapest fuel in market. If you have not laid in your Fall and Winter supply

S. E. D'Wolfe

Will gladly fill your orders with No. 1 Coal as cheap as the cheapest.

★FREE★

—A—

CAR LOAD

—OF—

SILK PLUSH

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

Beautiful Steel Etchings and Oil Paintings—handsomely framed, presented to the patrons of

Flocken's Pharmacy.

Special Notice.

Any one wishing to see me can always find me one door west of the STAR office at all times.

WALL PAPER

—AND—

PAPERING

a specialty. Call and you will get the best bargains in Marion.

M. DUDLEY.

H. M. AULT'S

Fire and Tornado

INSURANCE AGENCY!

OFFICE: Bennett Block, First Stairway East of Postoffice.

Sheriff's Sale!

—AT—

126 SOUTH MAIN STREET,

GLASSWARE,

Queensware. - Crockery

—AND—

DECORATIVE GOODS

The entire stock of the firm of Buxton & McClure, consisting of China, Glass and Queensware, lamps, fine tablewear, bar goods, toilet sets, fancy and decorative goods, crockery, and all goods usually kept in a first-class stock of this kind, will be sold out immediately at private sale for cash. If you want bargains in this class of goods call at 126 south Main street.

Sale will commence Monday morning, Nov. 17th, and continue from day to day until entire stock is disposed of.

The early purchasers will have the opportunity of selecting from the choice of this admirable stock.

P. Kelly,

Sheriff Marion County

—The minister of the A. M. E. church will baptize at the Lawrence stone quarry tomorrow morning at [illegible] o'clock.

—If you suffer from catarrh why don't you take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the common sense remedy? It has cured many people.

—Samuel Myers, representative of a shoe house at New Philadelphia, was in the city Friday, the guest of Attorney Dan Richards.

—Sewerage construction has struck rock west of town and is going slow of course. There will be [illegible]

—A. M. [illegible] formerly of this city [illegible] Mr. [illegible]

—Miss [illegible] of Newark, was the guest [illegible] Friday. [illegible] makers.

WE HAVE THE [illegible]

[illegible] company each pair at

C. G. WIANTS

GET THE BEST

Hard or Soft

COAL

Linsley & Lawrence

West Street, Between Railroads.

—Turney's time.

—J. C. Johnston was in Prospect today on business.

—A new time table will go into effect on the C. and E. Sunday.

—Auditor Ward, of the Erie, is here today in the interests of the company.

—Budge Bartram left Friday night for a week's visit with relatives in Illinois.

—Mesdames Charles and H. E. Allen returned to Paulding today. Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Allen will remain here over Sunday.

—Charley Criswell, who has been here attending the funeral of his cousin, Will Criswell, returned to his home in Mt. Gilead today.

—Mrs. W. M. Boyd left for Chicago Friday night, where she will join her husband and they go together to their home in Kansas City.

—C. E. Warwick, of Caledonia, was in the city today looking after business matters. Mr. Warwick thinks some of going into business here.

—Mrs. Charles Lotze has returned home from Chicago, where she had been taking treatment at a sanitarium. Mrs. Lotze's health is considerably improved.

—Mrs. R. D. Henkle, of LaRue, returned home this morning after having spent a few days very pleasantly with her uncle, S. C. Johnson, on east South Street.

—Charley Dee, secretary of the Gymnasium Club organization, announces a meeting of the members, at Bennett Hall, Monday evening, at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

—F. E. Merril has been appointed superintendent of the C and E., vice F. I. Maynes, who has been retired. The change took place Friday. Mr. Merril was formerly road master of the Erie.

—J. S. Duff and H. B. Hane were at Lima Friday night to hear the Boston Ideals, but the company was in a wreck and the gentlemen came home with but little music to soothe the savage breast.

—The Crysanthemum reception at J. J. Hane's Friday night, given by Mrs. R. Wallace and class was a decidedly pleasant and sucessful affair. The program was quite enjoyable. The proceeds amounted to $30.

—The M. E. church Aid Society will hold their regular monthly meeting Thursday afternoon, Nov. 20th, at Mrs. C. C. Pettit's, east Center street. Ladies whose names begin with P, R, S and T will please meet at Mrs. Pettit's promptly at 3 o'clock, Monday afternoon, to make arrangements.

—LaRue News: Miss Caddie Quigley, who has been an employe of this office for the past three months, resigned her position and left for Marion, yesterday evening, where she will spend the winter with her grandmother, Mrs. M. C. Sargent.——Miss May and Lillie Scanlon of Marion, accompanied by their friend, Ernst Patton, spent Sunday here with friends and relatives.

—The secretary of state estimates that the state decennial board of equalization will consist of twenty-seven republicans and fifteen democrats. The board will meet for organization the first Tuesday in December. The officers to be elected at the organization are president, president protem, secretary, assistant secretary, sergeant-at-arms, assistant sergeant-at-arms and two messengers. The board will be in session at least [illegible]

[illegible] Press says: [illegible] appearance [illegible] State Dr. [illegible] state board of health [illegible] cases [illegible] reported [illegible] epidemic [illegible] will be taken [illegible] to prevent a repetition of last winter's dread visitation of the disease.

TRUE ECONOMY

Consists in Buying the Very Best Goods in the Market at the Lowest Possible Prices.

WE INVITE A CAREFUL INSPECTION OF OUR STOCK AND PRICES. WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY ON STAPLE DRY GOODS, MUSLINS, CANTON FLANNELS, ETC. CONSTANT ADDITIONS OF NEW GOODS ARE BEING OPENED IN OUR DRESS GOODS STOCK. WE HAVE EVERY SHADE IN THOSE BEAUTIFUL FRENCH SERGES AT A LOWER PRICE THAN YOU HAVE EVER SEEN THEM. OUR NORTH WINDOW IS FULL OF THEM.

OUR BLACK GOODS STOCK, ALWAYS A SPECIAL FEATURE OF OUR BUSINESS, CONTAINS SOME VERY EXTRAORDINARY VALUES. ACTUAL LOW PRICES ADVERTISE THEMSELVES.

WARNER & EDWARDS

DRESS GOODS!

WE are showing an exceptionally large line of Dress Goods. In Plaids we offer all the Novelties of the Season. Our stock of Plain Goods is large. In Black Dress Goods we stand without a rival in Marion county. Never before in the history of Marion was there such an array of Black Silks shown, and at the prices that we only can make, because we sell only for cash. Just think! Elegant Black Wool Henriettas, 46 inches wide, at

69c, 75c and 82 1-2c!

Some stores would consider them bargains at 75c, 85c and $1. Serges, Armures, Almas, Glorias, Silk-Warp Henriettas and the other principal weaves at uniformly low prices. Our Silk-Warp Henrietta at 99c is conceded to be the best value ever shown in Ohio. We have added some entirely new things to our already large

Trimming Stock!

Which makes it today the banner of the county. Samples of any of these goods for comparison will be freely given.

D. A. FRANK & CO.

Cash and One-Price Dry Goods House, Masonic Block, Marion.

BIG FOUR WRECK

A Freight Train Crashes into Another at the Junction at Ansonia.

This morning about 3 o'clock, Big Four freight 50 ran into a freight on the C. J. and M. at Ansonia, about eight miles this side of Union City. No. 50 was coming east at the time of the accident and ran into the Mackinaw freight while it was pulling over the crossing. The Mackinaw car was mashed to splinters and the Big Four's engine was turned over on its back and considerably broken up.

No one has been reported injured, but the loss to property is considerable. Traffic on the Big Four was at a standstill this morning, and passenger train 10 was annulled altogether. It is not known who is responsible for the accident.

Look Out for Uncle Sam.

[Bucyrus Telegraph.]

It seems that certain bodies of the Farmer's Alliance in this part of the country have been ordering and distributing groceries from wholesale houses through the agency of their secretaries, and in most of their orders have included tobacco, without paying the government tax imposed upon dealers. These facts having come to the knowledge of the United States court officers, Deputy United States Marshal Breckinridge, of Norwalk, was introduced to investigate the matter in this county.

Last Saturday he struck Secretary Charles Unger, of the Glenville Alliance, who admitted the facts of having distributed tobacco with the goods, but was not aware that it was an infraction of the internal revenue laws. He offered to pay the special tax, which, of course the marshal was not at liberty to accept. So the case was reported to the court at Toledo, with the agreement of Mr. Unger to respond to the order of the court when properly notified. He now recognizes the fact that he was at least technically liable to arrest and fine, but hopes the case will be settled without any such serious measures. In the meantime other dealers who have paid the special tax can not see any reason for what they regard as favoritism.

Agosta Tape Worm Catpured.

AGOSTA, OHIO, Nov. 14th—Dr. H. P. Feaster, while in the country, was somewhat surprised with the opportunity of an unusual capture. It was in the shape of a tape-worm over twenty feet in length, captured at Joseph Severns', about two miles south of here. It is the first varmint of the kind captured in this neighborhood. It seemed that Joe had been in favor of dissolving partnership for some time, but could not muster up courage enough to tackle the question until strengthened by an idea advanced by the Doctor. He feels better since the change and expects to celebrate the occasion by having a dance at the Opera House Thursday evening. The Doctor has been very successful in his practice here, and has the hearty wishes of his many friends. [illegible]

Free Baptist Church.

There will be the usual [illegible] by the pastor. [illegible] the evening at the F. B. [illegible] account of the union [illegible] the Presbyterian church.

Subject of the morning [illegible] The condemnation of Jesus. Text: Acts 2 23.

MUSIC HALL!

J. B. Sargent, Manager.

THURSDAY, Nov. 20,

The Event of the Season, and a Pronounced Triumph, the successful

Roberts-Sailer Comp'y

Presenting for the first time in this city their powerful production of the grand legendary romance

FAUST & MARGUERITE!

In 5 acts, adapted and arranged from the first part of Goethe's Tragedy of Faust, by J. B. Roberts and produced under his personal supervision. Positively the most finished representation ever given an adaption of this great work.

MISS MARIE SAILER

In her grand impersonation of Marguerite, and

J. B. ROBERTS

In his wonderful creation, Mephistopheles, supported by a powerful company of Dramatic Artists.

Elaborate Scenic and Mechanical Effects!
Wonderful Calcium Effects!
A Perfect Production.
100 Nights Walnut St. Theatre, Philadelphia

PRICES. - 25, 50 and 75c.

☞ Reserved seats at Tristram & Young's.

DECORATIVE GOODS!

New Japanese Goods,
New Bamboo Goods,
New Mouldings,
New Statuary,
New Art Goods,
New Stamped Linens,
New Etchings and Engravings,

All kinds of Needle Art Work started or done to order by Miss Sherbrooke, of Columbus, O. All at reasonable prices at

LANDON'S,

West Center Street.

Fisher Block.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE STAR AND KEEP POSTED ON THE NEWS

Meat Market!

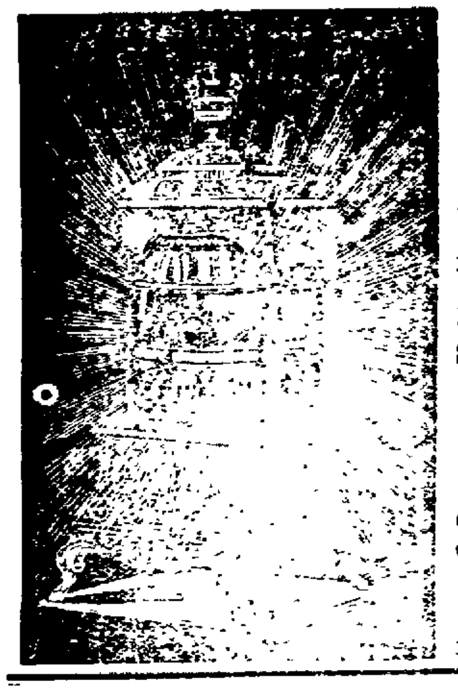
The undersigned having moved into his new shop on north Main street near [illegible] between Mark and Patten streets, invites all his old customers to remember that he will always keep a full supply of Fresh Meats on hand at prices ranging from

7 Cents to 11 Cents

Per pound. Call and see me at my New Shop

JOHN MERKLE.

ROYAL ACORN!



THE HANDSOMEST

BASE BURNER

Made at a

Poor Man's Price.

Each Day Brings a New Shipment

See them!

Buy one!

Use it!

Be Happy!

S. S. FOX & CO.

SLATE and METAL ROOFERS.

Fite Block. - E. Center Street

SCHOOL SHOES

For the children, good serviceable Shoes that will wear the worth of the purchase price. A new lot just in.

FOR LADIES' WEAR

No one can offer better, more stylish or more serviceable shoes for the money than our LADIES' HAND WELT SHOES, ranging in price from $3 to 4.50. Of course we have higher grades, but these are recommended for economy.

MEN'S FINE SHOES

In an endless variety at prices that make them the best bargains offered.

J. E. RHOADS, S. Main Street.

WHEN

You contemplate a purchase of Furniture do not fail to call at

FIES' FURNITURE STORE

And see the Real Novelties and New and Popular things of the day. Fine Furniture is made a specialty, and the prices will compete with any city quotations.

WM. FIES,

Fies-Kling Block.

L. DENISON & CO.

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

WALL PAPER

Curtains and Curtain Goods!

—AND—

MOULDINGS AND FRAMES.

Spcialties in Toilet Novelties!

MASONIC BLOCK.

L. DENISON & CO.

COAL! COAL!

Buy your Coal at once from

PRENDERGASTS

And save Twenty-five Per Cent.

COAL! COAL!

OYSTERS!

The Leading Oyster House in Marion is

THE ENGLISH KITCHEN.

The best brands on hand, fresh, at all times. Sold by can or served to order.

B. HALL, Proprietor.